Week ending September 6 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Starting this week—Victor Canning's brilliant new thriller

"THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN FLIES"

A stout that really revives you
—and it's not bitter!

Although the slightly bitter taste of most stout is widely liked, some people prefer the smoother, softer flavour of Mackeson's. They find a new lease of life in every glass — welcome indeed when the long day's work is done.

MACKESON'S

. . . you'll like it better!

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD

Cooking with the Presto is like introducing a magic wand into your kitchen. It saves hours of cooking time, knocks shillings off every gas bill and cooks like a dream. A delicious meat stew takes only 20 minutes and tastes nicer because all the original flavour and goodness are sealed in. The Presto Pressure Cooker is the easiest of all to use. No guesswork—you know at a glance when pressure is correct. Ask for the Presto at your local shop. Popular model 77/6. Large 105/-. Separator sets 7/6 and 8/6

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has this one-piece automatic pressure device. Watch the silver bands appear: 1 band for fruit bottling; 2 bands for vegetable bottling; 3 bands showing for day-to-day cooking.

Presto PRESSURE COOKER *saves ¾ cooking time*

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HALEX *Toothbrush*

—the only toothbrush that's *Rondated*

Regd.

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Prison truths

FIVE YEARS' imprisonment, says the judge to the coshboy.

Fourteen days, says the magistrate to the bad character caught loitering with felonious intent.

And in each case one of Her Majesty's prisons must forthwith find a bed, meals and surveillance for the offender.

Yet it is almost as hard to make space for more prisoners today as to get rooms in a popular seaside resort at the height of the season.

Our prisons are booked up, packed out, overcrowded and out of date.

LAST year nearly 30,000 people were sent to prison, compared with only 22,500 in 1938.

And the total average prison population on any one day this year is well over 25,000—the highest figure for sixty years and double the average for the twenty prewar years.

Is there any hope of its falling? Not judging by the statistics. The total of Guilty Men—and Women—rises inexorably every year.

RECENTLY two important documents have been issued which should be read side by side. One is the report of a Parliamentary Select Committee on the prisons. The other is the Home Office Criminal Statistics for 1951.

Between them they conjure up a frightening picture of what may happen unless the prisons are rapidly expanded.

Crime is being bred, not cured, in the teeming blocks where men are squeezed three in a cell built to hold one. In twenty-four local prisons alone there are 4,500 prisoners in these unholy "threesomes"—and the big prisons like Wandsworth account for many thousands more.

UNDER these conditions there is no escape for the less-hardened offenders from the old lags, no chance for a let-up in the brutalizing, embittering corruption of bad company, and no scope for discipline to exert itself.

Evils of overcrowding are made worse by lack of staff in the prisons of England and Wales. There are only four warders where five are needed. It is almost impossible to set prisoners regular hours of useful work. They cannot be supervised. And so they have to be locked up from 5.30 p.m. until 7 a.m.—more than half of the twenty-four hours.

NOR are many prisons equipped to allow useful work to be done on a modern scale. Mailbag sewing is a poor substitute for the productive exercise of skill which could lift a prisoner's morale.

Of forty prisons, only one was built in the twentieth century.

Such conditions make a mockery of all the "enlightened" modern methods of dealing with criminals, and the ideals of the cure-not-punishment school.

BUILDING of the first of several new prisons may be started next year.

Let them not be the expensive, huge blocks of cages which, at best, merely put criminals out of the way for the length of their sentences—and turn them loose again worse than when they came in!

The Select Committee sensibly asks for some of the "open" camp-type of prisons. There criminals are forced to live more vigorously; and more than unthinking obedience is demanded.

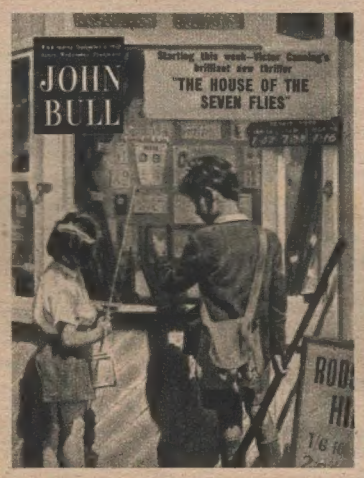
The "fortresses" should be left to the incorrigible old lags. First offenders—particularly women—should be given the opportunity to learn the advantages of a healthy, communal life in well-guarded but less oppressive prison camps.

THE Prison Commissioners are well aware of the grim facts. They have been pointing them out in their annual reports for many years.

The vast apparatus of detection and police work—to say nothing of the damage and misery caused by crime—is far more expensive in the long run than an efficient, modern prison system. It's time we acted on that simple truth.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

YOU will find this fishing tackle kiosk on the pier at Eastbourne, where cover artist Fred Laurent lives. "The queer-looking gadgets in the window are a centre of attraction for the local children who fish on the pier," says Laurent. "It's amazing to hear them talk about wire booms and red rubber sand eels with the knowing air of experts. I used to think that fishing was just 'sitting and waiting,' till I listened to them."



"Hush, Mummy! The curtain's just going up for our concert party. Tommy will soon clear up the candle grease afterwards and a rub of Mansion will make the floor lovely and shiny again in no time."

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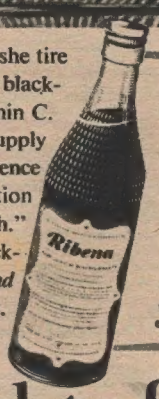
FOR DARK FLOORS use DARK MANSION

Worried about the girl these days? Does she tire too easily? Give her RIBENA, purest blackcurrant juice, rich source of natural Vitamin C. The Ministry of Food says: "A good supply of Vitamin C will make all the difference between that dreaded feeling of exhaustion and a feeling of exuberant good health." Everybody needs RIBENA. It's pure blackcurrant juice with fruit sugar, cane sugar *and* glucose. Make a note to get a bottle today. 3/3d. from Chemists, Stores and Grocers.



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VITAMIN C
Ribena fights fatigue!
BLACKCURRANT JUICE

Highly concentrated—contains not less than 20 mgms. Vitamin C per fluid oz.
MADE BY CARTER'S OF COLEFORD
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Cash Price for complete 3-piece Suite £41 : 10 : 6 (Monthly terms if desired)

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JB 6/9

Free Speech

The penalty of being up-to-date

OWNING a drapers' shop in a small town and having made good profits for several years, I decided to modernize my shop. The front was remodelled and the interior converted into a modern showroom with the latest display and light fittings. Trade has since steadily declined, and people whom I used to see regularly no longer come in. One day I asked a customer who had remained faithful why she thought I had lost business. She replied: "I think people don't feel that this is *their* shop any longer."—H. T., Essex.

Piermaster's Lament

BEING a newly appointed public official, I have noticed how a "Keep-Off" sign seems to be a definite incitement to the public to "Keep On." My pier, a small one and not, as a rule, much used, is closed on certain days. To emphasize this I stretch a chain across the entrance. Men, women and children at once climb over the chain and flock on to the pier.—E. K. BAKER, Piermaster, Mutton Cove, Devonport.

Saving The Boot

MY HUSBAND was for many years a professional cricketer and, like Fred Trueman (JOHN BULL, August 16), dragging his right toe when delivering the ball had a devastating effect on the buckskin. He nailed a piece of sheet copper on the sole and pressed it against the buckskin just where he used to hit the ground. I well remember how some of the team—it was in the South Lancs League—thought this was decoration and copied him. My husband was amused when he found that several were not bowlers—and had put it on the wrong foot as well.—MRS. MARY HARTLEY, 51 Green Street, Sandbach, Cheshire.

Railway Magic?

WHAT is British Railways' secret in keeping their tracks completely weed-

A weed-killer "special"

free? My garden paths could certainly use the magic. — "GARDENER," Lochgelly, Fife.

Not magic, but a sodium chlorate mixture, says British Railways. They use nearly one million gallons a year and have eight special week-killer trains for use on quiet lines and sidings. Along busy tracks the mixture is sprayed from a container carried on a man's back, knapsack fashion, or from a tyred cart wheeled beside the line.

Home Of The Brave

COMMANDER YOUNG has a vivid memory (*One Of Our Submarines*, JOHN BULL, August 16) of his first patrol as a sub-lieutenant in *H.28*. We were all disappointed when our torpedoes missed that big barge off the Dutch coast in October, 1940. Only nineteen, I was on the hydrophones when another telegraphist tore them from my ears. A split second later the first depth charge exploded. Imagine that roar magnified scores of times and concentrated on my eardrums. — FRANK RICHARDS, 4 Hebers, Middleton, Manchester.

. . . The sailor on the right of your picture of a submarine in attack (JOHN BULL, August 16) is my brother, Chief Petty Officer G. P. Noble, who lost his life in the submarine *Regent*. I am proud to see his picture in this first wonderful episode of Commander Young's story.—A. E. NOBLE, 77 Woodhurst Road, Abbey Wood, London, S.E.2.

H.M.S. "Regent" was lost as the result of anti-submarine action by an Italian ship in the Straits of Otranto, April, 1943. This week's instalment of "One Of Our Submarines" begins on page 15.

ESCAPE—OR DIE

by PAUL BRICKHILL

From the authentic records of the R.A.F. Escaping Society

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL SEPTEMBER 20

Battling Postmen

POSTMEN must be very patient men and should not be blamed if the mail is occasionally late. They are often delayed by late-rising recipients of registered packets and by people hunting for small change to pay for C.O.D. parcels. They have to battle with gates which open in different directions and with letter-boxes which are too narrow or are sprung like rat traps.—MRS. D. WALLINGTON, 120 Ivy Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

Inches Of Babies

OUR DAUGHTER measured twenty-two inches at birth compared with Mrs. Gavin's baby (JOHN BULL, August 16), who was twenty-one inches. Mrs. Gavin is 5 ft. 11 in. tall yet I am only 5 ft. 2½ in. and my husband is 5 ft. 7 in.—MRS. E. J., Prestwich, Lancs.

. . . I was surprised that Mrs. Gavin's twenty-one inch long daughter, when born at Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, was two inches above the hospital's average. My son, now aged thirteen, was also born there when the hospital was in Marylebone. He was twenty-two inches long at birth, a fact which I recorded on his birth certificate plus the time of his birth.—MRS. P. MITCHELL, 21a Priory Road, London, N.W.6.

. . . Mrs. Gavin need not be cross when a male inquirer assumes that a majority of the members of her Association for Tall Women are unmarried. He probably knows the real reason why men fight shy of tall girls—a man who has to look up to a girl finds it even more difficult than usual to maintain to his own satisfaction the myth of masculine superiority. — GEORGE STANWAY, 6 Hebron Road, London, W.6.

Top Deck Fishing

CHILDREN can bring together adults of many different types, as I witnessed on the top deck of a London bus. Pulling up with a sudden jerk, the bus caused havoc among the jam-jars of four youngsters who had been tiddler fishing in the Serpentine, Hyde Park. Water flowed between the floor slats

and the fish went with it. Immediately, smartly dressed women, civil servants, navvies and Servicemen were all on their hands and knees pursuing the wriggling fish. One man remarked, "I've done a good deal of fishing in my time but this is the first time I've fished on a London bus."—MAURICE KENT, 12 Girdler's Road, London, W.14.

Duck's Egg Warning

BOILING a duck's egg for eight minutes is not always enough to make it safe, as mentioned in your article "Mrs. Curley Fights Her Own Germ War" (JOHN BULL, August 9). Investigating many outbreaks of food poisoning, the National Public Health Laboratory Service has found that fifteen minutes, or thorough baking or frying is needed. —DR. W. A. LETHEM, M.D., D.P.H., Principal Medical Officer, Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

Wasp Named Samson

GREATLY bothered by wasps, I placed a spoonful of jam in a jar of water and covered it, leaving an opening for the insects to crawl through. Within five minutes I trapped my first wasp. Ten hours later it was still struggling. In the dead of night—so that the neighbours should not see me and laugh—I tipped out the wasp, half-hoping it would recover to fly another day.—MRS. L. GUTHRIE, 12 Leslie Avenue, Thornton Cleveleys, Lancs.

Teatime Torture

RESTAURANT proprietors should insulate the handles of their silver teapots in the interests of customers' fingers. The burns inflicted by this teaware can change an enjoyable occasion into a painful one.—MR. T. A. ELY, 115 Fornham Road, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

Strange Tombstone

FOR many years, William ("Big Bill") Smith was a deep-sea diver and it was always his wish that a diver's helmet should mark his last resting place. When he died, his employers provided a helmet which his family placed upon Big Bill's grave in the churchyard at Gillingham, Norfolk—an unusual but fitting tribute to the memory of a very brave man.—J. DENTON ROBINSON, 19 Langholme Crescent, Darlington.

Big Bill, a diver for thirty years, died in 1923 after catching a disease in West Africa, where he was diving on harbour installations.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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- Is refreshing and sustaining
- Sparkles with goodness
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2½ lbs. of apples to every flagon

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These are only two styles from our Bespoke Craft range of men's shoes. Obtainable from your local stockist whose name will be supplied on request.
'ORAL' Shoemakers, Rushden, Northants.

MY CHILD?

NEVER!

It's nobody's fault: any child, unfortunately, can pick up head lice. There is no need to reproach yourself or worry about it. One application of SULEO HAIR EMULSION will clear the most heavily infested head. *Rapid in action—harmless to hair and scalp—non-irritant—undetectable after use.* Guaranteed completely non-inflammable.

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(*Gollancz* 10/6: **Club price 4/6**) MID-SEPTEMBER

PAUL BRICKHILL The Dam Busters

YOU SAVE 10/6

Tense, dramatic real-life story of the R.A.F.'s most spectacular wartime exploits. Vivid "on-the-spot" accounts of the breaching of the Ruhr dams, sinking of the *Tirpitz*, destruction of Hitler's V-weapon sites and much else. 12 pages of illustrations.
(*Evans* 15/-: **Club price 4/6**) MID-OCTOBER

JAMES HILTON Morning Journey

YOU SAVE 8/-

Gripping, moving portrayal of human conflicts, set against a background of the fabulous world of stage and screen. Gives full scope to the story-telling genius of the author of LOST HORIZON and GOODBYE MR. CHIPS.
(*Macmillan* 12/6: **Club price 4/6**) MID-NOVEMBER

BERNARD SPILSBURY HIS LIFE AND CASES

YOU SAVE 16/6

Enthralling, authentic story of the first great medical detective—the "Perfect Witness" whom murderers feared! Reveals the inner history of the sensational murder trials in which he played a vital part—from Crippen to the Antiquis case! By *Douglas G. Browne* and *E. V. Tullett*. Many exclusive photos.
(*Harrap* 21/-: **Club price 4/6**) MID-DECEMBER

BEVERLEY NICHOLS Merry Hall

YOU SAVE 10/6

Lively, entertaining account of the author's success in transforming a deserted garden into a paradise of flowers. A truly delightful book by celebrated author of DOWN THE GARDEN PATH. With drawings by William McLaren.
(*Cape* 15/-: **Club price 4/6**) MID-JANUARY, 1953

NEVIL SHUTE Round The Bend

YOU SAVE 10/6

What is the strange power of an ordinary aircraft-fitter who, by his example, influences the lives of thousands? This exciting, unforgettable novel has the unusual background of aviation in the Far East. By the author of many famous books including A TOWN LIKE ALICE and THE FAR COUNTRY.
(*Heinemann* 15/-: **Club price 4/6**) MID-FEBRUARY, 1953

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Each book has an attractive coloured protective jacket.

SEPTEMBER

Partridge potting begins on the first, when hostilities open also against natives who are killed and eaten by the dozen. At Braemar capers are cut and cabers tossed. Ploughing is in full swing. With the season drawing to an end, trout fishermen can exaggerate at leisure while they Have a

CAPSTAN

- they're made to make friends

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. CC 777 E

Sub-standard Spy uncovers bulk-buying plan

SONIA'S a secret agent. Once she was the slickest plan-pedlar in five continents. Lately she's looked more like hari-kari than Mata Hari.

"Psst," I said. "Are you A1?"

"No, *I'm C3*," *hissed Sonia.* "*Much more of thees constipation am I getting, and I queet. For a job, maybe, I sweep Polish corridor.*"

"You might start on your *own* thirty feet," I said.

"*What is thees?*" *huffed Sonia.*

"The corridor I mean," I said, "is the little red lane down which all your meals have to go — the thirty feet of piping inside you. When you eat a lot of soft, starchy food the intestinal muscles find nothing to pull at, and they don't function properly."

"*What 'appens then?*" *cringed Sonia.*

"'Hold-up on the Aliment Express,'" I quoted. "'Passport difficulties wreck spy-system.' In other words, you get constipated. What you need," I said, "is bulk."

"*Another purge?*" *groaned Sonia.*

"Certainly not —" I said, "All-Bran for breakfast *every* morning. All-Bran's great to eat, and it gives those muscles the *bulk* they need. It'll soon get you 'regular.' "

"*I 'ope,*" *sniffed Sonia, and slunk.*

The next time I saw her, Sonia was looking radiant — as if she'd just sold the plans of the 39 steppes. "Hi, spy," I said. "You look well."

"*Also, I feel it,*" *purred Sonia.* "*That All-Bran is* wonderful. *It made me 'regular' in only four days. How did* you *learn about it?*"

"Inside information," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active, and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

"Why on earth should anyone want to murder Sluiter?" Furse asked. The smile was slow to leave Constanta's face. He cannot know, she thought

The author of "Venetian Bird" writes a brilliant new serial

The House of the Seven Flies

by VICTOR CANNING

NOVEMBER, 1944: Kapitän Walter Maserling put the list in the pocket of his greatcoat. He stood in the doorway of the wooden hut, and between him and the dim lights of the waiting car he saw the slant of the cold night rain break and whirl as a gust of east wind whipped across the yard.

The sailor at the wheel of the car, seeing him move forward down the duckboarding, tossed his cigarette away. Maserling looked up at the sky. It was starless and possessed by the wild calling of the wind. A second sailor opened the rear door of the car for him and he dropped back against the damp leather upholstery, shrugging himself down into the darkness of his coat. He grunted an order. The car moved off, the wheels skidding a little in the mud of the yard. As they crossed the dock bridge and entered the town, he heard the beat of a church clock mark the half-hour after midnight.

The car felt its way through the dark streets. Shut up inside the houses there were people who would hear it, and know well what car was still abroad after curfew. . . . How the Dutch hate us, he thought.

The car stopped at the entrance to a small square. As the engine was shut off he heard the fat assault of rainwater on the canvas top.

He got out and the two naval ratings stood with him on the pavement. A flight of narrow steps ran up to a black doorway. One of the men switched on a hand torch and the rays picked out the running beads of water that slid along the curves of the ornamental work flanking the steps.

Maserling nodded towards the door and the two men climbed the steps. He followed them. The torchlight wavered on the door for a moment, seeking the keyhole and, in its unsteady haze, a brass plate made a sudden blaze of light.

Across the plate were the words—*Nieuwe Hollandse Bank.*

The heavy key was turned in the lock and the door swung inwards. They were now in a tiled

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIPHANT

Canning . . . distress rockets saved him

FIVE BRILLIANT NOVELS of tension, all written since the war, have sent Victor Canning rocketing into the best-seller class. At forty-one, he is one of the youngest star names of British fiction. His first JOHN BULL serial—the outstandingly popular *A Forest Of Eyes*—appeared in 1950; *Venetian Bird* (soon to be seen on the screen, starring Richard Todd and Eva Bartok) a year later.

Canning, scrupulously authentic in his background details, nearly came to grief while collecting material for *The House Of The Seven Flies*. With a friend, he was returning from Holland in a boat similar to the *Arletta* of his novel when a storm blew up. A sail was carried away, the engine failed, and the boat began to ship water—quicker than it could be baled out. They fired distress rockets, and by a lucky chance were picked up.

It's not the first close shave Canning has had: his active war service culminated in a secret mission which is still Top Secret. He is married, lives with his wife and two daughters in Kent.

hallway, sombre with heavy furniture and obscure portraits in dull gold frames. Two tiny combs of gas-light wavered and spurted in the draught about a candelabra set high in the shadows of the hall. Maserling pushed the door closed behind him and the light steadied slowly.

A man sat in a chair placed in the angle made by a wood and glass partition that crossed the hall. He stirred, his eyes blinking slowly, and a newspaper slid from his knees to rustle across the tiles. He stood up.

The sailor who had driven the car drew a revolver from his pocket. He raised it, aiming carefully, and shot the man. The watchman dropped back against the partition and, his leg bending up under him, the steel plate on the heel of one of his boots made a long screech as it scraped across the tiles.

Maserling opened the door in the partition. The two men followed him. They went through the small counting room and down a flight of steps. At the bottom was a strong-room door. Maserling set the combination and the two men put their weight against the door. As it opened, a light came on inside the strong-room.

Maserling motioned the men inside and took the list from his pocket. He stood at the doorway and called out names and numbers. From inside the room his men brought and stacked outside the door the personal security boxes he named. The operation took scarcely five minutes. Then the contents of the boxes were packed into one large steel deed box.

In the front hall the watchman was doubled up grotesquely like one of the old men to be seen dozing uncomfortably in the crowded corridors of night trains.

Maserling checked his instructions quickly in his mind. That was everything; and there had been, in the words of his orders, "no alien witnesses." He slammed the outer door behind him and held the torch for the men as, the box between them, they went down the steps.

"Willemsdorp," Maserling said, when he was in the car, and then added, "It is permitted to smoke."

ENTERING Willemsdorp, they cut down to side-lights. They bumped down to a small landing-stage. A man came forward from the head of the water steps. It was a sailor in oilskins, the tails of his cap ribbons flapping across his cheek in the wind.

"Kapitän Maserling?"

"*Ja.*" Maserling got out and one of his men carried the deed box down the steps to a waiting motor launch. In the bows another sailor in oil-skins stood beside a Spandau mounted on a low tripod.

The box was put in the cabin. Maserling dismissed his men, who returned to the car. The launch moved out from the landing-stage and swung down the canal towards the head of the Hollandsche Diep. Maserling sat in the lee of the cabin, a foot between him and the man at the wheel. The machine-gunner snugged himself down into a recess in the deck behind the gun.

"Why the Spandau?" Maserling asked.

The man at his side laughed.

"There has been trouble lately, Captain. You hear the *chug chug* of a boat and then the lead begins to fly about your ears . . . the boys in clogs are getting very brave. They do not like us." The man laughed again as though the whole thing were a joke and the Dutch incomprehensible madcaps.

They swept on through the darkness and Maserling began to doze, lulled by the sound of the motor and the soft passage of night shadows.

When he awoke, the motor had been shut off and they were drifting silently on the tide. The man at the wheel, seeing him stir, lifted a hand warningly and nodded ahead into the darkness. He sat there, listening. He saw the man forward swing the Spandau and half rise to settle himself firmly behind the gun.

DIRECTLY on their port quarter a light came on, a great white beam that for a moment blinded him. He heard the beat of a marine engine, an angry froth of water and then the ugly broken rattle of a machine-gun. He saw the Spandau swing and then, as the light went out, saw the smooth tails of tiny flame from the barrel mouth against the darkness.

Across the water and darkness someone shouted, derisive and excited, and the light probed back at them from another quarter. He saw the man with the Spandau begin to turn, and then the launch was suddenly full of a vicious swarm of bullets. He heard the bite and snap of lead against wood and metal, saw the white-edged flail of splinters and heard the man forward cry out with a soft, final desperation.

The light went. A marine motor roared somewhere around them and the darkness was full once more of angry noises as a heavy-calibre machine-gun chattered. Something hit him in the arm and he was thrust backwards as though the darkness itself had struck him. He fell sideways on to the cockpit boards. The gun out in the darkness gave a last jabbering howl as he dropped into unconsciousness. . . .

He came back to find himself staring up at a sky which was just beginning to lighten into a dirty grey pall. He was shivering continuously and was weak from loss of blood.

Slowly he pulled himself up. The launch was drifting on the easing tide and ten yards away on the starboard hand he saw the grey of land fringed with a stiff barrier of reeds and a sloping rim of sandbank. The launch was low in the water and listing. He stepped forward and fell against the cabin door, which swung forward away from him and brought him stumbling almost to his knees. He dragged himself up and saw that the foredeck by the Spandau was deserted, the gun swinging loosely on its tripod with each movement he made. He glanced behind him and saw the dark outline of a sailor's body awash in the water aft of the wheel.

The land moved by with a slow, fantastic

Furse stood there, utterly shaken. Then, feeling

precision, its shapes clearer each moment.

He watched the water rising rapidly and knew that soon it would top the freeboard and the launch would sink. He moved, touched by a sudden anxiety, and struggled to ease himself from his greatcoat. He could see the deed box in the cabin.

The boat lurched, water surged inboard. The launch began to settle. It went down under him, swaying and tilting for a while as the tide swirled over the gunwales. He was left to thrust his way weakly towards the shore.

Time abandoned him. He was aware only of a blackness of pain and weakness in his mind. He was in the reeds, his body wet and muddy. He stumbled on through blackness. . . .

As he opened his eyes, the morning light assaulted him, making his body shrink with the brutality of the sudden blaze. He lay with loose gravel under his hands. Before him, as he raised his head, he saw a black, unsteady pattern. He stared at it stupidly for a while and then saw that it was an ornamental gateway worked with a thin tracery of wrought-iron flowers. Scattered

the heart again, his fingers closed on something hanging from the man's neck. It was a small key among the flowers, stiff and archaic in outline, were seven flies, black and ponderous. As darkness swept over him once more, he heard footsteps moving down the gravel beyond the gate.

JUNE, 1951. Underwater, the light was a cool, jade green, alive with a yellow mottling from the morning sunlight. Furse could see the rope twisted tightly round the blades and shaft of the *Arletta's* propeller. He would have to cut it free, and he was a man who hated cutting good hemp. He let his breath ease out gently, knowing he was good for thirty seconds. As he worked with his knife, he cursed the boys who had snarled the rope up like this.

He came up and reached for the *Arletta's* rudder post, hanging there, breathing hard, the severed rope-ends and his knife in one hand. The fair hair was drawn down over his broad, brown forehead in a wet fringe.

A Customs officer came to the dockside, looking hot and overburdened in his heavy serge uniform. Furse gave him a quick grin.

"Damn' boys got my dinghy painter tangled round the propeller," he said. The voice was lazy and pleasant.

The officer held up an envelope.

"Telegram for you. They asked me at the hotel to let you have it as I came by." He looked at Furse curiously.

"Thanks. I'll be up."

Furse shook his hair from his eyes and began to swim round the *Arletta's* counter. He swung himself up a rope ladder hanging over the side. The water ran from his big, heavily muscled body, making dark pools on the pale deck-boards. He opened the telegram unhurriedly. It was addressed to Edward Furse, Yacht *Arletta*, Little Ships Hotel, Felixstowe Docks, and read, COMING THIS AFTERNOON. ISAAK SLUITER.

Furse was relieved. For a moment he had wondered if he was going to lose a charter. Fifty pounds was important to him.

"Not bad news, I hope?"

"No—just a charter party who wants to start a day earlier."

"Going foreign?"

Furse twisted up the telegram and tossed it into the water. He knew what was behind that question.

"No. Not this trip."

The officer nodded and wished—since he liked Furse—that he could say frankly that it would be wise if he confined himself always to innocent trips. He had seen the reports on Furse . . . but, even so, it was not easy to write him off as the usual type that ran into trouble over smuggling. Ex-Army officer, architect or something like that before the war, busted marriage . . . just enough private means to keep him unsettled, but somehow not at heart unscrupulous enough to take this kind of life without regrets. . . . There was a boy somewhere, too. One day he would slip up—and then they would get him. He hoped it would never come to that.

"Where are you going?"

Furse shrugged his shoulders. "Mucking around the estuaries. Maybe we'll run up to Bawdsey for the night. Wherever he wants to go. It's his money."

"Who is he?"

"Sluiter's the name. A Dutchman. Don't know him from Adam."

When the officer had gone, Furse went below to dress and have lunch. He came on deck later, a big, easy-moving man in his late thirties, his hands in the pockets of his old flannels, the sun laying a bright sheen on his damp hair. Dropping to the quayside, he sat on a pile of timber to wait for Isaak Sluiter.

THE sound of a taxi coming down the road jolted him from his thoughts. The taxi drew up and a man got out slowly.

Furse watched him and knew that this was his man. His interest in him, he thought, was almost non-existent. Two weeks of mud-work and fine-weather sailing for little more than would cover a month's school fees for the boy and a few cigarettes and whiskies for himself. And there were twelve months in a year, and one year followed another, and he was thirty-five and Jimmy fourteen and the letters that came from his bank about his overdraft he often never opened for a week. It was in that moment that he decided that he would write to Charlie Ponz in Rotterdam and take him up on his last offer.

"Mr. Furse of the *Arletta*?" It was a precise, strong but foreign voice.

Furse stood up. "That's me."

"Sluiter. Isaak Sluiter." The man smiled at him through rimless glasses. He had a suitcase in one hand and a briefcase under his arm.

Furse gave him a nod and reached out for the suitcase, his eyes going over Sluiter. The pointed shoes, the long, unusually lean body with its dark suit, the white face with its pouchy eyes, the tight sucker mouth. . . .

"I'll make some tea and, if it's all right with you, we'll move off afterwards. With the tide we'll make Bawdsey tonight."

"Good." Sluiter's eyes went over the *Arletta*. "What was she? Pilot cutter?"

"Yes. Swedish. I picked her up for a song some years ago."

"I like the look of her."

"She's steady, if you don't press her. Built to get there, not to race there."

Sluiter looked back along the quay and murmured absently, "Yes. . . ."

Furse saw his eyes pass from one group to another of the people on the quayside waiting for the next steamer. He felt that the man was on edge.

"You waiting for someone else?"

"Eh? No." Furse saw the corners of his mouth twitch, and realized the man's pallor came from fatigue or illness.

Furse took him below and gave him the double-bunked fore-cabin. They had tea and then, while Sluiter went forward to change, Furse took her out into the estuary on the motor. When Sluiter came up he had changed into a blue sweater, grey trousers and deck

Continued on page 22

Spiers (left) with trainer Bob John. Mrs. Spiers persuaded her husband to take the job

Mr. Spiers gets goals with a card-index

by STANLEY RUSSELL

With six thousand biographies and a poker face, Cyril Spiers has put Cardiff City back into big-time soccer

FIRST DIVISION FOOTBALL is this season again being played in Wales after a lapse of twenty-one years, at the home of a club, Cardiff City, that has climbed from the Third Division in the near-record of six years. The transformation is due to manager Cyril Spiers, a lean ex-goalkeeper with a strong Birmingham accent, an ingenious filing system, and so small an opinion of his own ability that he was scared to take on the job.

When Spiers was recommended for the post by his former employer at Wolverhampton Wanderers, Major Frank Buckley, most famous of all soccer managers, he said nervously that he thought he would never be able to stand up to the responsibility. "Nonsense," retorted the major. "Go home and talk it over with your wife." It seems that it was Mrs. Spiers who did most of the talking, for Spiers announced next morning that he had been persuaded into accepting the task.

At that time Cyril Spiers was suffering from a complex. Once goalkeeper for Wolves, he had been despondent over some poor displays after a leg injury, which still shows in a limp. Buckley retired him from active football and made him his assistant, trying, without much success, to imbue the shy young man with some of his own enthusiasm.

Spiers's diffidence over the proffered appointment was, nevertheless, understandable. Cardiff City had once been one of the greatest teams in the land, winning the F.A. Cup in 1927, but it had sunk by 1934 from the First Division to the bottom of the Third, and had to apply for re-election. The great South Wales depression of the thirties had robbed it still further of support and had sapped its playing strength. It was still in the Third Division, without a vote in League affairs, when Spiers took over towards the end of the war.

Prosperity had returned to the valleys, and the public was waiting to be drawn to watch a successful team. But there were others who were watching football in Wales—rival League clubs who were signing on promising young players. To counter these raids, one of Spiers's first jobs was to organize a corps of scouts to watch every team within a thirty-mile radius of Ninian Park, the club's headquarters, and report on every youngster showing the least sign of promise.

Within a few weeks encouraging reports came from all over the valleys. Such phrases as "a great player in the making," "worth watching again," and "advise signing," were thrust at him so frequently that he had to revise his original idea of inviting one or two for trials. Instead, he ran six teams every Saturday, and on Monday studied the reports on each of the sixty-six players, marking them in a register according to a colour scheme, from red for "brilliant" down to black for "poor."

At the same time he began a card-index of every player on the books of other League clubs, noting transfers, injuries and outstanding achievements. He explained that, although his ambition was to field an all-Welsh eleven, it might be necessary to bring in outsiders, and he wanted to know the full history of any player who interested him.

Saving The City Expense

It was, and still is, the most comprehensive form book in football, containing about 6,000 names. He has had to buy ready-made players, sometimes at big prices, but the card-index has saved him from making expensive mistakes.

A year ago he noticed that Swansea Town had given a free transfer to a young goalkeeper named Howells, which meant that any club could sign him without paying a fee. Spiers's records showed Howells to be a player with a future, and he wasted no time in signing the Swansea discard, to the subsequent delight of the rapidly-increasing crowd at Ninian Park.

One of his discoveries was a sixteen-year-old rugby player named Billy Rees, who sometimes made up the Blaengarw village soccer team. Unknown to Rees, his form was being recorded on the coloured cards. He was invited to a Cardiff City trial match, and scored six goals. The following week he was in the Cardiff League team, and within a few months Rees was the Welsh international centre-forward. He left Cardiff to go to Tottenham Hotspur for a £15,000 transfer fee.

Another who made rapid progress was centre-half Fred Stansfield, who took only four months to rise from the "nursery" to first eleven captain. He, too, became a Welsh international.

Spiers discovered in himself a flair for blending his players together and teaching them club spirit and teamwork. This enthusiasm found an outlet behind the scenes when a quantity of mahogany taken from a ship was presented to the club. Producing saws, planes and chisels, the players, in their spare time, made it into furniture and panelling for the directors' tea room.

On the field, Spiers's flair turned the young Cardiff City side into one of the successes of the first post-war season, and it was chosen as one of the few clubs to play the Moscow Dynamo team that toured Britain.

Beaten By The Russians

A few days previously the Dynamos had surprised everyone by attracting 100,000 people to a drawn game with Chelsea. Expecting a repetition of that now famous crush, many of the fans stayed away from Ninian Park. But there were 47,000 in the 60,000-capacity ground who saw the Russians conquer the Welsh team by ten goals to nil.

"The better team won," says Spiers. "We had been told to treat them gently, with no rough stuff. Whenever they had the ball we had to lay off. But whenever we got it they swept us off our feet."

The drubbing had no permanent effect. The

(*Continued on page* 34)

Emily was not aware of the silence, or of Tandazele and me watching her. Her face was suddenly young, radiant. She smiled up at Captain Irving

I'll die an old maid

by DAPHNE ROOKE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

Ours was a house of women; no man belonged here; no man was going to break it up. I made sure of that

I STOOD for a long while on the lonely siding, my mind empty. A crow circling against the unclouded sky caught my gaze. Behind me I heard Andries van Niekerk shouting to the boys to load the cream cans on the milk cart. Usually, I enjoy a chat with Andries, but that day I slunk round the shed to avoid him.

My sister Dulcie had just gone off to Durban to get married. She was only thirty and attractive, not like me, a dried-up stick, old at forty. As I drove home, I knew I was facing the loneliness that had been lying in wait for me all my life. In my girlhood there had been a man who wanted to marry me, but then there had been mother and dad and Dulcie; I had not thought to feather my nest. They were all gone from me now.

There is a lethargy in loneliness. When there is nobody to care, you don't comb your hair, your dress is crumpled, your nails are dirty; you lie abed, you don't eat your meals. You pine, like a chained dog.

I advertised for a companion. There were three replies, two of which were accompanied by photographs. One was of a daring-looking miss with hair fluffed out in a halo round her head, obviously a husband-hunter. The second photograph showed a woman in her late forties. The simper on her face warned me that she would talk for hours about the conquests of her youth. I tore the photographs up.

The third letter was rather a sweet letter—pathetic, I thought. It was signed by (Miss) Emily Charters.

"I would come to you for very little," she wrote, "but I would like to be somewhere in the country near mountains. I am very lonely and I should do my best to make myself an agreeable companion."

I wrote there and then asking her to come. Tandazele, my Negress, and I turned out the room that had been Dulcie's. We put up fresh print curtains and brightened the furniture with a coat of white paint. On the day that she was to arrive, I filled the vases with trailing nasturtiums that woke the tiny room to beauty.

Tandazele baked new bread and loaded the table with the best service and silver. Tandazele is, in housewife's parlance, a gem. She has no English and her figure has to be seen to be believed, her breasts being enormous and shaped like melons. But she is as strong as a lion and worth three boys to me on the farm. She fears nothing. Even snakes hold no terrors for her.

During the summer months we are plagued by the snakes that come into the yard after eggs. Tandazele seems to enjoy hunting them down and I have seen her catch a deadly *mfeze* alive with a pronged stick and place it in a bag. Her idea of a good joke is to hand the bag to an *umfaan* and see him frightened out of his wits when he discovers the contents. She is one of Sinda's widows. I am sure her father gave her to Sinda without *lobola*, for Sinda had an eye for good looks. She will remain a widow, for in addition to being plain she is barren; yet she hankers after marriage with the same intensity as her white sisters.

When everything was ready, I went down to

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Emily said. She gazed down at me, suddenly frightened

the siding to meet Miss Charters. My heart sank when she jumped down from the train. She was a gaunt woman, dressed in peculiar style. Her print dress was designed on stark lines, her stockings were black, and she wore black cashmere gloves. A panama hat almost hid her straight, iron-grey hair. The only concession she had made to soften the impact of her appearance was to swathe a georgette scarf around the panama.

I should have insisted on a photograph, I thought as I advanced towards her, but as my eyes met hers I was glad that I had not. They were big grey eyes with a gentle expression in them that no camera could have captured.

Zululand was wearing her fairest aspect. The earth was bursting with mealies and *mabela*, lush green grass; the cattle and natives sleek from plenty.

"I didn't think it would be so beautiful," she said in her deep, shy voice. "I've been watching the mountains ever since we left Hluhluwe."

"You should see it during a drought," I told her. "The very aloes wither away to white dust."

"You couldn't believe it. Like a beautiful person with a wicked heart." I liked her smile, a little unsure, as though she had suffered rebuffs. "I hope you will like me. I want to stay."

She remained with me for seven years, and we had no angry words until the last. She possessed few faults. Perhaps the most irritating was her passion for reading aloud. She always chose dull, improving books. Her throat had the strength of brass and she could read aloud for hours without visible strain. Many a time we sat on the front stoep while I watched the shapes of the clouds and she read on and on until it was too dark to see the print. I had not the heart to let her know how much it bored me. I often wish now that we could sit together on the stoep. I think I hear her voice at sunset, droning away at passages from *Courage!*—a favourite of hers—and then I go inside quickly, for they say you go mad if you listen to dream-voices.

In every other way, she was a perfect companion. She was as fearless of the veld as I was. We often hiked into the mountains, reaching the topmost peak of Tshaneni, where we dug for relics. We found pieces of pottery and spearheads which we carried home to put into our museum.

We started a garden of rare plants. Emily had a green hand. Visitors envied me the weird cacti that grew on my rockery. How happy we were, not quite like sisters, perhaps with a little more reverence for each other's foibles.

I miss her more every day. Really, it was inexcusable of her to fall in love at the age of forty-nine. It was ridiculous. I could not believe my eyes when I first noticed it. She appeared one morning with her hair in nasty little curlers. I stared at her in horror. Tandazele laughed, a cruel laugh.

"Emily Charters, what have you got those things in your hair for?" I asked.

She was self-conscious. "Well, I do look a bit of a frump. It will make my face look softer, younger."

It was useless to remonstrate with her. She went from bad to worse. She dyed her hair a peculiar rusty shade and wore it with a frizzy bang. She touched her leathery cheeks with rouge, reddened her square mouth. I have never in my life seen such a transformation. From a lusty companion wont to climb the crags of Tshaneni she changed to the clinging vine. She screamed at the sight of a snake where before she would have pursued it with a stick and beaten it to death.

The man who had broken up our lives was Captain Irving. He had bought the farm next to mine. At first it was pleasant to see him approaching the house and to hear his cultured voice asking if we minded his spending an hour with us. We were glad to have him in the evenings to play three-handed bridge. Sometimes he came over in the afternoon and stayed to dinner, sending Tandazele into a twitter at having to wait on a man at our virgin table.

The day that Emily first frizzed her hair he rode over early in the afternoon with a large bunch of pink flowers. Emily and I were out on the stoep. Tandazele was there, too; she had just brought us drinks.

Captain Irving came up the steps and handed Emily the flowers. Her face, as she took them, was suddenly young and radiant. She smiled up at him, unaware of the silence or of Tandazele and me watching.

Before Captain Irving left, Tandazele brought a tray laden with cool drinks on to the stoep, for it was a hot night, and left him to pour the lemon squash.

He handed our drinks to us and then turned to Emily with upraised glass. "Here's to your bonny blue eyes, Emily," he said, bowing.

"They're grey," I said sharply.

Emily did not seem to hear me. She blushed a deep, disfiguring red and simpered, yes, positively simpered. No man had ever said such a thing to her and the besotted fool was overjoyed that it should be this tall man who carried his sixty years so lightly.

After he had gone, I shouted at her; cajoling her, threatening her. I might as well have tried to halt the lightning. The poor thing confessed through her tears that she was in love.

Captain Irving asked her to marry him. Emily, never having received an offer before, nearly fainted, but she retained her wits sufficiently to gasp "Yes." When she came to me with the glad tidings I was sitting on my bed brushing my hair. She was trembling. Shock, I suppose.

"You mustn't think this will make any difference to our friendship. We'll be near each other. I'll come and see you every day."

"Yes, Emily."

"You don't mind?"

"No, Emily."

"Oh, if you knew how happy I am. I'll tell you a secret. I've always wanted to get married, just for the status. People despise an old maid."

"Do they, Emily?"

"Of course they do. They think she has never had a chance; she's a failure in the eyes of the world."

"Is she? I didn't think of it like that, Emily."

Her eyes were suddenly nervous and afraid. "Why are you looking at me like that?" she said. "You frighten me."

"I didn't know you were so easily frightened, Emily."

We have never been able to work out how that snake got into Emily's bedroom. The house appeared to be completely snake-proof, as dad used to call it. The terrible thing about it was that I could not find the anti-snakebite outfit in time. I am so methodical as a rule, but when the new one came from the chemist's I must have put it away absent-mindedly in the linen closet instead of in the medicine chest. Anyway, that was where Tandazele found it when everything was over. Then the car would not start. I had been meaning to put a new battery in for a week—the old one was flat—but I kept forgetting to order one. By the time we had sent a runner up the mountain for the doctor it was too late to do anything for Emily. She was dead.

Now there is only Tandazele to keep me company.

THE END

Sir John, the airman's rich uncle

by MARJORIE EARL

When trouble strikes a flyer or his family, he's always on the spot to help if he can—to the tune of £600,000 a year

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Sir John Cordingly, chief of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, tells a bedtime story. His listeners live at the fund's nursery school, which cares for the children of dead or disabled aircrew

A TALL, SPARE MAN of sixty-two, Air Vice Marshal Sir John W. Cordingly is a combination of financier, investment counsellor, social welfare expert, estate agent, psychologist, education authority and gambler. He is also the nominal head of two schools, a couple of minor housing developments, a dozen welfare projects for the sick and the disabled; and he spends money at the rate of more than half a million pounds a year on such diverse investments as university scholarships and pawn tickets, property and babies' layettes, weddings and small business ventures.

Sir John carries on these activities as controller of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund, an organization to relieve distress among present and past members of the R.A.F. and their dependants.

When the wife of an R.A.F. officer recently landed in Egypt to join her husband, she was met with the news that he had been killed two days previously in a flying accident. Broken-hearted, she prepared for the long journey home. On the way to the airport the van carrying her luggage was in a collision and her trunks and cases were completely destroyed by fire. Neither she nor her three children had so much as a coat or a cardigan between them to keep them warm after they left the sunny Mediterranean.

The Benevolent Fund's secretary was advised of the accident, and when the widow reached Britain she was met on the dock by one of the organization's representatives with a cheque for £100 to buy new clothing. As she had sold her house and most of her possessions before going to Egypt, the fund helped to transport her family to the home of a sister. Then there were some long-term problems to be worked out with one of the fund's welfare officers.

Before going to Egypt, her son had won a scholarship to a preparatory school near their former home. Now that she was back in England, his mother wanted him to take up the scholarship. But she had nowhere to live in the district. The fund's welfare officers tried without success to find a suitable place. Finally they had to give up; the widow decided to remain with her sister, so another vacancy was found for the son in a nearby school. His tuition was paid for, and his sisters were assured of the same treatment when they were old enough to need it.

Aid Came Promptly

Not long ago an R.A.F. officer was killed in India, leaving a young wife and an infant son. Hard on the heels of the Air Ministry's announcement of his death came a letter to the widow from the Benevolent Fund, offering help and guidance. She had no immediate needs, but she decided to have a talk with Sir John. She told him that, with her pension and the money she could earn working, she could support herself and her son. The only thing that worried her was his education.

"You cannot imagine how happy it made me," Sir John says, "to be able to assure this young woman that she need have no further anxiety about her son's future. I could promise her that she would have enough money to give him the kind of education her husband had planned."

Education is one of the fund's biggest worries of the future. "Far from declining, the responsibilities of the fund are mounting," Sir John explains.

In 1945 the fund spent £14,972 on education. Last year it paid out £125,000. The guiding principle is that no child, by reason of his father's service with the R.A.F., shall be robbed of the kind of education he might have had if his father had lived or chosen some alternative career. The fund maintains two schools, one at Blackheath for boys up to sixteen and a nursery school at Sevenoaks for children up to seven.

One young man studying to be an officer in

Teatime, and no complaints to the head. Sir John also looks after the fund's other school for boys up to sixteen—sons of deceased R.A.F. other ranks

the R.A.F. is the son of a pilot who won the D.F.M. in the Battle of Britain. In 1940 the pilot was shot down in flames and left unconscious, covered in oil, near his aircraft. He was later picked up, suffering from severe shock and bruises but not, by some miracle, seriously wounded. Military hospitals were crowded, so he was sent home to convalesce. After twenty-four hours he quietly told his wife that his comrades needed him and he would have to go back. Next day, anything but fit, he reported for duty and insisted on resuming operational flying. He was killed towards the end of the war, leaving a widow and two children. Both children are now being educated with the fund's help.

Such cases annually share grants and loans totalling nearly £600,000. A group of forty men and women decide how the money shall be spent, and an army of voluntary and stipendiary workers investigate on the spot to make sure that appeals are genuine.

The fund gives or lends money to back business, pay for confinements, funerals and lawyers, discharge debts, redeem pawns and buy tools, working equipment, houses, furniture, bedding and clothes. All loans are interest free. Much of the money is returned, even if the borrower can repay only three shillings a week. But often, if his circumstances do not improve, the loan is converted into a grant.

Four years before the war the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, which had been started in 1919, was administered in two rooms by the present secretary, Squadron Leader V. S. Erskine-Lindop, and one typist. In 1939, they evacuated to Brighton, and another typist was hired. Shortly after, the staff was increased by nearly twenty to cope with 30,000 letters of condolence and offers of assistance sent to the relatives of airmen killed in the Battle of Britain. When the war was over the expanded organization returned to London to fill its present headquarters in Portland Place with a staff of more than seventy-five employees.

Gesture From The Swiss

Unexpected gifts are always arriving. One of these came from the London representative of the Swiss National Bank. As a demonstration of goodwill to the R.A.F. he arranged for 165 Swiss men and women to stage a folk-music festival in the Albert Hall. All proceeds went to the fund. When a group of Belgian airmen were returning home after a course of study in Britain, they collected all the English currency they had left and sent it to the fund. It totalled more than £50.

Sir John, who works closely with the appeals committee, protests against what he calls "rattling collection boxes." He believes that to get public support an organization must be prepared to give something in return. Air Force displays and pageants are money-raising schemes which win Sir John's whole-hearted approval. He does not mind a stunt if it is dignified and good enough to catch the public imagination.

One of his favourites concerned a bottle of whisky. During the war the landlord of a Stepney public house had been friendly with the crew of a Wellington bomber, who visited him when they were on leave. One evening he produced two bottles of Scotch to treat his friends. They drank one bottle and decided to save the other for their next leave. The pilot wrote his name on the label and the host put it under the counter. Two days later the crew were all killed.

The publican kept the whisky, and years later decided to auction it for the fund. A few days later, however, the pilot's mother arrived from Australia to meet her dead son's English friends. She visited the Stepney publican, and when she saw her son's name on the whisky bottle, she wanted to keep it. But the landlord could not give it to her, for he had arranged the auction. It was bought for £30 by a woman who lived in the Isle of Man. She presented it to the local branch of the Air Forces Association, who auctioned it a second time for £15. By now the Stepney publican had spread the story of the pilot's mother, and the man who finally bought the bottle parcelled it up and sent it to her.

Another substantial donation which gives Sir John a chuckle came indirectly from the Government. When a seventy-eight year old philanthropist received £1,500 for a war-damage claim after a protracted battle, he handed it over to the fund. "I never expected to live to be paid war-damage compensation," he said. "I've done without it for seven years, so I can continue without it." THE END

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES (4) by Commander EDWARD YOUNG, D.S.O., D.S.C.

WE JOIN THE HECTIC MALTA PATROL

After the rigours of the Arctic, Young—now a Number One—sets out for embattled Malta. But first comes a heartening curtain-raiser, a surprise attack on a U-boat

IN MARCH, 1942, I left *Sealion* and was appointed as first lieutenant to a new "S"-boat, *Saracen*, then building in Cammell Laird's yards at Birkenhead. My new C.O. was Lieutenant M. G. R. Lumby, tall, wiry, a man of iron, a skilled squash player and cricketer.

At the end of two months' exacting work, during which we rehearsed every imaginable situation likely to be encountered in the face of the enemy, and practised emergency drills to cope with all foreseeable damage or breakdown, we were sent on what was known as a "working-up" patrol, to get the crew accustomed to patrol conditions and to give the captain experience of reaching his patrol billet and finding his way home again. For this patrol we were sent to a quiet area where we were unlikely to meet any enemy anti-submarine opposition. It was also unlikely that any targets would come our way. Lumby, however, distinguished himself on his working-up patrol by sinking a U-boat and bringing back a German prisoner.

We were somewhere in the middle of the North Sea, with nothing to look at day after day but a grey, undulating horizon. The navigator, Tony Johnson, on watch at the periscope as dusk was falling on a day towards the end of the patrol, could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the box-like shape of a U-boat's conning-tower emerge from the empty sea less than a mile away, the water streaming off it in a foaming cataract. His astonished cry of "Captain in the control-room. . . . Sound the alarm. . . . U-boat surfacing, sir!" sent us rushing to our attack stations.

Lumby started cracking out bearings and ranges almost before Raikes, the torpedo and gunnery officer, and Johnson were ready at the "fruit machine" and the plot. This was to be a snap attack all right. The light was bad, and the U-boat's speed would be altering as he got

One of the U-boat crew was bobbing about in the water. We nosed our way through the debris and hauled him aboard. He was stunned but alive

Loading a torpedo in its tube. On the Malta patrol, targets were plentiful

Lieutenant Lumby, *Saracen's* captain at Malta. "Tall and wiry, he was a man of iron," says Edward Young

under way after surfacing. At my post behind the hydroplane operators, with the pumping and flooding order-instrument under my hand, I had to cope with the change of trim caused by the men rushing aft to the control-room. Water must be put in forrard and pumped out amidships. An eye must be kept on the coxswain and second coxswain at the hydroplanes to see they were taking the necessary action in time. At all costs the captain must not be blinded by our sinking below periscope depth, and we must not give our presence away by breaking surface.

Torpedoes Struck Home

Within two minutes of starting the attack came the order "Stand by all six tubes," and then . . . "Fire one. . . . Fire two. . . . Fire three. . . ." As calmly as though it were just another practice attack, Crosby, the asdic operator, reported "All torpedoes running, sir," and soon we heard the crack and reverberation of a tremendous explosion. We had got him.

After a prolonged search all round the horizon, Lumby gave the order to surface. As soon as we had reached full buoyancy and the engines were running, I asked permission to go up on the bridge. As I climbed out of the conning-tower, taking a deep breath of the fresh air, I could see a few faint stars pricking the evening sky, the very stars which had, I suppose, tempted the German to surface early for a sight. The captain was now making towards the scene of the explosion. Already we could see one or two objects bobbing in the water, and soon we were in among broken pieces of wood and other flotsam.

In the middle of all this debris were three men. One of them was treading water, but when we turned towards him to pick him up he deliberately put his arms straight over his head and sank out of sight. The next body was floating bottom up and was quite clearly dead. The third man, however, looked as though he might be still alive, though stunned, and we manoeuvred towards him until two of our seamen could reach down and pull him up on to the casing. Groaning dementedly and vomiting sea-water and oil, he was carried to the bridge. Here he became conscious for a brief moment, long enough to open his eyes and look straight at me with an appalling expression of despair and hatred, before our men took him below.

Keeping a prisoner in a submarine is a tricky business. There is nowhere he can be locked up, and a really determined man with a knowledge of submarines can fairly easily cause fatal damage, provided he is prepared to sacrifice his own life in the process. He must be kept under a constant armed guard, which means detailing out of each watch a man who can ill be spared from his normal duties.

We put him to work on cleaning duties, which he performed willingly and well. He was altogether a model prisoner. By what little interrogation we were able to carry out, we discovered he was the U-boat's signalman and had been on the bridge with the captain and the navigator when our torpedo hit them. He remembered nothing after that, but said that immediately before the explosion another of our torpedoes had hit them abaft the bridge and penetrated the engine-room without exploding.

So it was that when we returned to Dunoon and tied up alongside H.M.S. *Forth* we felt like a Cup Final team that has scored a goal in the first five minutes of play. But soon we were busy with preparations for departure to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean.

Lost Forty-one Boats

Between June, 1940, when Mussolini entered the war, and September, 1943, when his fleet surrendered, our submarines based on Malta and Alexandria, and later Beirut and Algiers, sent more than 1,300,000 tons of enemy shipping to the bottom of the Mediterranean. This was achieved in the face of great hazards and at the grievous cost of forty-one of our boats.

At the time when *Saracen* left Gibraltar to join the Malta flotilla, the long drawn out battle was at its height. The island had just survived the most critical months of its history. Earlier in 1942 the Germans had become seriously anxious about their seaborne supplies to Rommel in Africa, and had increased their air attacks on Malta to such frequency and violence that from the end of March until September it had been untenable as a base for surface ships. Admiral Cunningham had been forced to withdraw his cruisers and destroyers to Alexandria, leaving only submarines and aircraft in Malta to continue the attack on Rommel's supply route.

This period of siege was a desperate one in the Mediterranean sea war. The submarines themselves had no peace between patrols, and in harbour were obliged to spend much of the working day submerged to avoid the rain of bombs. Attempts to get convoys through to the island with badly needed supplies were for a time unsuccessful. Food began to run short. But at all costs petrol and ammunition had to be brought in to keep the defending Spitfires in the air, and there was only one solution. Five of the larger submarines of the First Flotilla based on Alexandria — *Cachalot, Parthian, Porpoise, Regent and Rorqual*—had been adapted for the purpose, and had in fact been bringing in these vital supplies since the middle of 1941.

Magic Carpet To Malta

This underwater transport service became known as "the magic carpet." With petrol filling part of their fuel tanks, fresh-water tanks, and even main ballast tanks, with one section of battery removed and with every available storage tank crammed with ammunition, these unspectacular but highly inflammable cargo-carrying missions between Alexandria and Malta must have been a nightmare, especially since the Italians had been laying a lot of mines at this time. However, they did the trick: in one month alone the "magic carpet" delivered to Malta more than 84,000 gallons of petrol, 83,000 gallons of kerosene, twelve tons of mail, thirty tons of general stores, six tons of munitions and over a hundred passengers.

Meanwhile the air defence of Malta had improved sufficiently to allow surface forces to return to the island, and in September, 1942, the same month as we arrived, Rear-Admiral A. J. Power was able to re-establish a cruiser squadron and two destroyer flotillas based on Valetta. Cargoes of petrol and food were also now being brought in by the two fast minelayers *Manxman* and *Welshman*, whose unusual speed of nearly forty knots enabled them to run the gauntlet under cover of darkness. But supplies were still desperately short, and every submarine going through to Malta had to fill itself up with as much as it could carry, regardless of discomfort, so long as its fighting efficiency was not impaired.

Food In The Water Tanks

During the last few days before we were due to sail from Gibraltar we used our ingenuity to discover ways of cramming stores into every conceivable corner of the submarine. One of the fresh-water tanks and two of the internal trimming tanks were emptied, opened up and filled with tinned food. Boxes of assorted engine spares, torpedo detonators, ammunition fuses and more tinned food covered the deck space in the torpedo-stowage compartment and paved the whole length of the passage-way as far as the control-room.

Approaching Malta in the dark at the end of our uneventful thousand-mile passage, we had no difficulty in finding the tiny island. From some distance off we could see that a heavy air raid was in progress, and the flying tracer, the bursts of ack-ack and enemy starshell, punctuated by the ground flashes from exploding bombs, were more effective than any navigational beacon. Because the enemy had been laying mines, we stood off to the south of the island until daybreak, when two minesweepers met us and led the way along the swept channel round the east coast. Even before we reached the harbour mouth an air-raid warning came over the wireless, and in accordance with standing orders we submerged to periscope depth in the swept channel until we got the all-clear signal from our escorts.

As we drew near the entrance to Grand Harbour we began to see evidence of the heavy damage which Valetta had suffered in two

years of almost constant air attack. But though more than half its houses had been wholly or partly demolished, the embattled city still retained its ancient character: the fortress walls sloping down to the water's edge, the myriad flat-roofed buildings mounting to the horizon, with here and there the gentle protuberances of domes and towers, all white or pink or sand-yellow against the blue sky.

The submarine base was not in Grand Harbour but in Marsumascetto Creek immediately to the west of it, so, leaving the imposing Fort St. Elmo on our port hand and keeping the town of Sliema to starboard, we proceeded up the creek with our White Ensign flashing in the sun and the seamen standing smartly to attention on the fore-casing. A small group of Maltese children standing on the spit of land under the walls of the fort warmed our hearts by raising a great cheer for us as we swept past. A minute or two later we were turning to starboard into the creek where the submarines lay, each berthed on the end of a floating cat-walk.

I cannot remember anything quite like the Malta submarine base at this time. The shortage of food was a continual reminder of our beleaguered situation, though we fed like fighting cocks by comparison with the civilian population of the island. The enemy air bases in Sicily were only sixty miles away. Although the air defences had by now improved considerably, the air-raid warning still sounded several times every day. We got a preliminary warning from the ringing of a cloistral hand-bell, the signal to put up the smoke-screen.

Battle Above The Smoke

In addition to the smoke canisters along the shore, each submarine in harbour had one placed ready on the casing fore and aft. In a few minutes a dense white fog would spread over the creek and the submarine base; the acrid fumes stung the eyes and the nostrils long after it was all over. Sometimes through a gap in the smoke-screen we caught a glimpse of the air battle going on high over our heads.

But if the enemy was uncomfortably close, by the same token our boats did not have far to go to find targets. In the first six months of the year, under the strategical direction of its popular Captain Submarines, "Shrimp" Simpson, the Malta flotilla had sunk fifty-four merchant ships and thirteen warships. Because targets were frequent and torpedoes quickly expended, patrols from Malta tended to be short. It was nothing for a submarine to return to harbour with empty tubes in less than a week.

My memories of *Saracen's* Malta patrols are a little confused. I remember one patrol in the shallow waters of the Gulf of Gabes, where the coast of Africa takes its sharp northward turn away from the Libyan desert towards Tunis. Here, I think, we sank a small supply ship, but I am not sure. Another time we spent a week off Naples, with Mount Vesuvius and Capri tantalizingly in sight through the periscope all day long, but here I fancy we were unlucky in our targets. By the middle of October we were back in Malta, making the usual preparations for going to sea within four or five days.

Something In The Wind

Gradually we became aware that something out of the ordinary was in the wind. Boats returning from patrol completed their normal overhauls, reloaded with torpedoes, ammunition, fuel and stores, and then found themselves waiting beyond their normal time for sailing orders. It became clear that we were being held in readiness for some important and widespread operation. Commanding officers, burdened with their secret knowledge, became unusually withdrawn from their first lieutenants. As more submarines came in, the tension of anticipation and speculation in the overcrowded messes mounted like a fever. The smoke-screen drill was tightened so as to make sure that reconnaissance planes from Sicily

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Saracen in Malta. At the height of the siege, submarines were the sole means of supplying the island. With enemy airfields only sixty miles away the submarine base was a constant target

The Far Country

by NEVIL SHUTE

The cable from England meant that Jennifer and Carl would be parted—perhaps for years. She wanted one last day with him: a day she would remember for ever

ONLY A FEW WEEKS after arriving in Australia, Jennifer Morton had to give evidence at an inquest. She had helped an unqualified surgeon, Carl Zlinter, to perform an emergency operation after a serious accident—and the patient had died.

For herself she had no fears. The worst that could happen to her was that she might be sent back to England if the inquest went against her. But for Zlinter the outlook was much graver. As a displaced person from Czechoslovakia, where he had practised as a surgeon before the war, he might be returned to the limbo of the European D.P. camps.

Both Jennifer and Carl had grown to love Australia. She had thrown up a dull job in London, and was staying with relatives, Jack and Jane Dorman, on their sheep-station at Leonora. For Carl, Australia was a haven where he could try to build up his life again, even though it meant working as a lumberjack until he could afford to study for an Australian medical degree.

But camp-life had left its mark on Carl. He was extremely lonely—a man without a family. Touched by his shyness, Jennifer humoured his odd fantasy about "Charlie Zlinter"—a man with the same name and birthplace as his own who had died fifty years ago. Carl had found his grave in the ruins of a ghost town a few miles away; his eagerness for information about the dead man had become almost an obsession.

The quest for Charlie Zlinter had brought Jennifer and Carl much closer together, and she was more than half in love with him. But she held herself in check. The news from England was worrying. Her mother was very ill in Leicester, and her father, an overworked doctor, was too busy to look after her properly.

But the inquest was Jennifer's immediate anxiety. To her immense relief, the coroner's verdict was—accidental death. She and Carl were completely exonerated.

PART 7

Picture Of Jennifer

At the door of the courthouse, Jane Dorman congratulated Carl Zlinter. She was genuinely glad that there would be no trouble for him; glad for Jennifer's sake, too. They chatted for a while and then she asked him: "Carl, what's the best way to get hold of this artist you were telling me about?"

Zlinter smiled. "Ah, you are thinking of the picture you will make your husband buy for you!"

He told her that the man's name was Shulkin, and that he lived in a disused railway coach near the station at Banbury. "In his own country, Lithuania, he was a professor of art. Now, like me, he is a labourer."

He told Jane and Jennifer how to find the place, and the women set off together.

Mr. Shulkin was painting, but not in the style that Zlinter had visualized; Jane and Jennifer found him distempering a bedroom of the little weatherboard house beside the railway coach. He got down off a chair to greet them, brush in hand; a little girl about five years old, smothered in distemper and rather dirty, stared at them, finger in mouth.

Jane said: "Are you Mr. Shulkin?"

He smiled. "I am Stanislaus Shulkin."

"Mr. Zlinter was telling me that you paint pictures."

He beamed at her, pulled forward the chair, and dusted it. "Please—I am so sorry you must find me like this. Carl Zlinter, he was

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"I'm going to England," she said. He dropped the shovel and put his arm around her. "What has happened, Jenny? Is it very bad?"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Secretary David Land holds a practice session. There is no shortage of recruits to replace girls who marry

Pipe Major Peggy Iris (extreme left) marches with the Dagenham band. They have a repertoire of 400 slow and quick marches, strathspeys and reels

Piping round the world with the girls in tartan

by KEITH ELLIS

It takes seven years to make a good member of the Dagenham band. But then she finds herself in a lively, picturesque job, half way between carnival and military parade

IMPRESSED WITH THE PERFORMANCE of the Dagenham Girl Pipers at Berwick-on-Tweed, a visiting Scotsman sent a message to the drum major saying he would welcome the honour of meeting her after the show. His eyes lit up as he saw her velvet Balmoral, her white lace collar, her black velvet jacket and her skirt of Royal Stewart tartan. "Ah, wanted tae tell ye, my lassie, that was the finest piping Ah've ever heard," he gushed. The drum major smiled. "Thank you," she said in an accent verging on cockney. The Scotsman stood aghast. "Ye fraud," he cried, "ye're a damned Sassenach."

For the Dagenham Girl Pipers, the most famous pipe band in Great Britain, hail from Dagenham, Essex, 300 miles south of the Tweed. And though one or two of its members may have remote Scottish blood in their veins, all live in Dagenham and most of them were born there. "Nevertheless," said Pipe Major Peggy Iris, the band's senior member, "we get on pretty well with the Scots."

This did not, however, prevent anonymous ill-wishers sending them postcards such as "Get back across the Border, you dressed-up cockneys," when they appeared in Scotland.

Pipe Major Peggy is, at thirty-three, a homely, soft-spoken girl with a lively sense of humour. The sole remaining founder-member of the band, she has toted her pipes through half the countries of Europe, East and West Africa, the Middle East, India and Ceylon. Next winter she hopes to tour the United States. She has played in massed parades, Army camps, cabarets, theatres, newsreels and television. She has advertised films and played the lament at old comrades' gatherings. In its twenty-two years of existence, the band has split into five sections which, between them, have travelled an annual average of 30,000 miles.

One of Pipe Major Peggy's more unusual engagements was when she was recently hired to act as decoration for a launch in a Thames water carnival. Their hirer had entered the river parade with a Highland launch decked with tartan. He himself was dressed in kilt and sporran, and Pipe Major Peggy and her colleague stood at the stern playing the pipes.

"Unfortunately," she says, "he was so taken up with the reception we got at Skindles Hotel at Maidenhead that he crashed into the

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

Drum Major Winnie Pile (right) and Peggy Iris. Uniforms and pipes cost £150 each and are handed on from girl to girl. When in uniform they must not smoke, drink or use heavy make-up

bridge and lost his place in the procession. It was only after he had steered round in a wide circle and re-entered it that he noticed that the shock had knocked us over and we were piping on our bottoms."

Altogether, the Pipers have a repertoire of between four and five hundred slow and quick marches, strathspeys and reels. Outside Scotland, they also play popular songs. Besides being piper and drummer, each girl is also a trained Scottish country dancer, and though the Pipers are best known for their spectacular street-marches, dancing forms an important part of most of their indoor shows.

The Floor Gave Way

Last year a band of ten toured Germany, putting on concerts for the troops at places usually considered too small to have shows. At one R.A.F. camp the only available space was a ballroom where the makeshift wooden floor was inlaid with square glass panels. Underneath were coloured electric light bulbs. Everything went well until the foursome reel. "Suddenly, in the middle," says Peggy, "there was a crash and an explosion and a girl was flat on the floor. One of the glass squares had given way. Cut and bruised, she carried on. Actually, the R.A.F. boys were grateful. They'd been agitating for months for a new floor and, soon afterwards, they got one."

The Pipers were established favourites of the late King and played for him only a few months before his death, when he unexpectedly turned up to watch them at the Sandringham Horticultural Society's show. Previously he had seen them at the 1937 and 1947 Royal Command performances and during the war at Windsor. After taking part in a British Legion rally they had been excluded from the subsequent march past Buckingham Palace on the grounds that they were not a Service band. But the King asked to see a list of organizations taking part, noted their absence and ordered their reinstatement.

The Dagenham Girl Pipers were started in 1930 by the Rev. J. W. Graves, a Congregationalist minister. "He picked out twelve of us between the ages of eleven and twelve," says Peggy. "Personally, I hadn't even seen a set of pipes. It was just something to join—like the Guides." Graves was neither a Scotsman nor a musician. As he explained to his twelve young pupils, however: "When I was a boy, I would take a hiding any day to follow a wandering piper."

For more than eighteen months the girls practised in the church hall under Pipe Major Douglas Taylor of the King's Own Scottish Borderers before their first public appearance at Deal Pavilion. From then on there was a steady stream of engagements, first at fêtes and village bazaars, then a London début at the Albert Hall, and finally the Lord Mayor's Show, in which they were the first women's organization to take part. Their first broadcast came during their first foreign tour, when the B.B.C. relayed the lament they played at the Menin Gate ceremony at Ypres in 1933.

By now, however, the original twelve were reaching school-leaving age, and it seemed unlikely that they would have as much time for their piping. Graves thought long and hard. Finally, he decided that the only solution was for the band to become professional. He resigned his pastorate to become their manager.

The new policy proved successful. With Mr. or Mrs. Graves to chaperone them, the Pipers toured France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Sweden. In February, 1939, the Riviera correspondent of *The Times* wrote: "They took Cannes by storm and were followed through the streets by thousands of people." In August, 1939, one band was at the New York World Fair, another in Germany and a third touring England.

By the outbreak of war, the Pipers had so established themselves that a report that they had disbanded was the subject of a leading article in *The Times*. But the report was false. Believing that the theatres were unlikely to open until after the war, most of the girls took other jobs. Some joined the women's services, some the Land Army, others went into industry. A few months later, ENSA approached Graves for two pipers to tour Army camps in Great Britain. He chose Peggy and a corporal. Then ENSA asked for two volunteers for service abroad. Pipe Major Peggy and Sergeant Margaret Fraser stepped forward. They joined a troopship at twenty-four hours notice and sailed for an unknown destination, their only address an Army Post Office number.

Afraid To Go To Bed

"It turned out to be Freetown, West Africa," says Peggy. "It was very frightening at first. We were one of the first two shows with women to go to West Africa, and accommodation had to be improvised. We slept in officers' messes with guards outside our doors, which were mere holes in the wall covered with a curtain. The first night we were afraid to go to bed. The outsides of our mosquito nets were covered with insects, so we lifted them gently, crept underneath and undressed on our beds."

As pipers, they were especially attractive to insects, for they followed their usual practice of lubricating the bags of their pipes with treacle. Peggy was not altogether surprised to find one morning that ants had started an anthill during the night in her pipe-case.

From West Africa they flew to Khartoum and sailed down the Nile to Cairo. They arrived on the day the battle of El Alamein was fought. The skirl of their pipes followed the troops across Libya to Benghazi, whence they returned to Alexandria and finally took boat for Tripoli.

Meanwhile, in England, in addition to the girls playing in the A.T.S. pipe band and with the American Red Cross, another pipe band was appearing at troop concerts, charity and savings gatherings. The girls also took part in a Glasgow pantomime with Will Fyffe, toured with him and spent a season at Blackpool. Afterwards, the Pipers joined Tommy Trinder's record-breaking show, *Happy And Glorious*, at the Palladium, and Will Fyffe sailed to Tripoli. "By a coincidence," says Peggy, "of the five ENSA shows to which he could have been posted as guest artist, they had to post him to ours. He had lots of stories to tell us of the girls at home."

Awarded Africa Star

After three months in Tripoli, the girls toured East Africa, Eritrea, Madagascar, Palestine and Syria. Though they travelled in lightweight ENSA uniform, they always played in full dress. "It's a tradition with us," says Peggy. Their three years in the Middle East earned them the Africa Star.

Back home, Pipe Major Peggy met a completely new band of ten girls who had been enrolled and trained while she had been away. They toured Britain. Immediately the war was over, she joined ENSA again with a party of six, toured Germany and the following year went to India for six months. Since then, she

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Peter Isaia, dealer in hair—and happiness

by JESSICA YOUNG

Some women prefer a pair of new sheets to a head of beautiful hair—and others gladly pay £100 when Peter Isaia has made it into a wig that cannot be detected

Isaia supervises the creation of a wig at his workshop in Great Marlborough Street, London. A properly fitted wig will never slip off, he says

ALTHOUGH BRITAIN'S CRACK racing drivers were flashing past him towards an exciting finish, the brown eyes of the man in the grandstand were fixed, not on the race, but on the rippling, shoulder-length, ash-blonde hair of a girl sitting immediately in front of him. For Peter Isaia, wig-maker and human hair merchant, is never completely off-duty, and for months his agents had been searching fruitlessly for just this particular shade of hair.

Isaia sat for an hour and a half wondering how he could approach a well-dressed girl who was obviously in no great need of money and try to persuade her to sell some of her hair. Making up his mind at last, he produced his card and, before she had time to protest, he told her the story behind his strange request.

A girl of twelve had been helping her mother to make cakes. As she opened the oven door, a "blowback" of the gas shot out a sheet of flame. More than half of her beautiful fair hair was completely burnt away. Heartbroken, her parents had brought her along to Isaia, but months of search had so far failed to match the unusual colour and silky texture of the child's remaining hair. Touched by the story, the girl in the grandstand agreed to let Isaia cut off some of her hair.

A wig issued under the National Health Service costs about £12 10s., less the patient's contribution of £2 10s. Private clients, for whom Peter Isaia makes about 1,300 wigs a year, usually pay about £25, though a really special job can cost more than £100.

Hunting For White Hair

One such wig was for a young woman whose beautiful hair, prematurely turned pure white, was admired by everyone. She was about to be married when she was involved in a car crash. The petrol caught fire, and in a second her unique hair was gone. Isaia had to buy nearly £300-worth before he had enough hair of this almost unobtainable colour to make the pair of "transformations" she needed.

For every wig supplied, a woman, somewhere, has to be persuaded to part with her own hair. The value varies from 2s. 6d. an ounce for the most ordinary up to £20 for a really fine specimen. "English hair, because of the climate and present-day short hair styles, is rarely fine enough and long enough," says Isaia. "I am seldom offered a piece worth more than a couple of pounds."

His main supply comes from remote villages in mountainous countries, where wholesome dairy food and pure air produce the glossy, luxuriant hair needed by wig-makers. Travelling hair-collectors must be diplomats, specialists in human psychology—and wily business men. Even so, occupational risks are many.

One collector, operating in the mountains above Lausanne, persuaded a woman, during her husband's absence, to part with her magnificent blonde hair. That night the husband, returning unexpectedly, beat up first his wife and then the collector. Finally he went to the police and had him arrested. After a week in jail, the collector was freed on payment of a substantial fine and forbidden to set foot in the village again.

Secrets Of The Business

Most collectors are themselves men of the mountains, smallholders who spend three or four months each year collecting hair and make sufficient money to live comfortably with their families on their own land for the rest of the year. Astute, voluble Peter Isaia was born forty-two years ago in Saluzes, a village in the Alpes Maritimes, not far from Cannes. The secrets of the profession were handed down from his great-grandfather, for the technique of bargaining for and handling rare pieces of hair takes a lifetime to acquire.

"Money never enters into these transactions," says Isaia. "A woman's hair is far too precious

for her to be influenced merely by cash. The affair is usually a matter of barter. The tempting offer of a pair of fine linen sheets which the whole village will envy, plus a cask of wine for the husband, or a pair of gold ear-rings for the little daughter, may clinch the bargain."

One young couple in the Austrian Tyrol held out for their dream of a honeymoon in Venice. Their tickets were bought and all expenses paid by the hair-collector—but the bride did not part with her hair till the honeymoon was over.

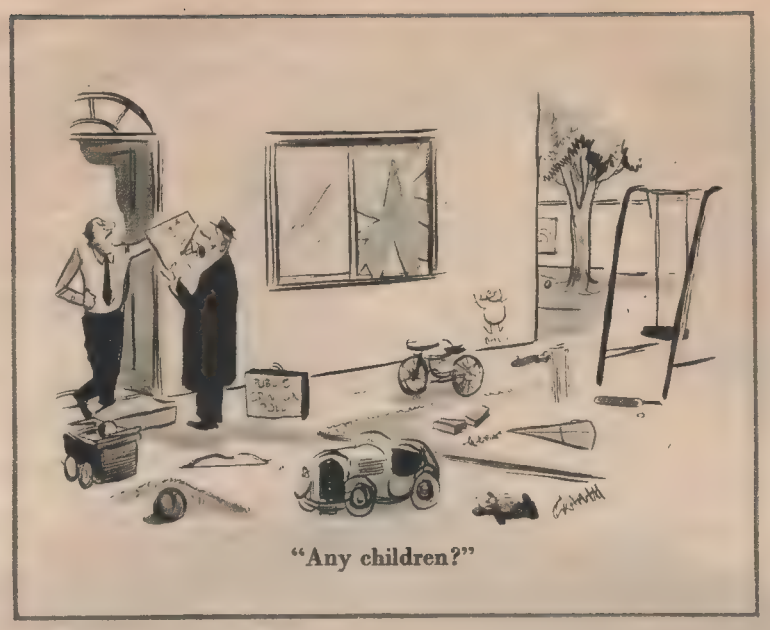
Peter's Bad Bargain

The Isaia family were originally flower-collectors for the nearby perfume factories of Grasse. Occasionally, they also bought heads of hair for the wig-makers of Paris. As synthetic ingredients superseded the rarer flowers in perfumery, the Isaias began to concentrate more and more on their former sideline, the steadily increasing demand for human hair. The family entered the wig-making business themselves, first in Paris and then, in 1900, in London.

Before young Peter became a wig-maker he spent several years as a "head-hunter" in the Alps. He recalls ruefully how, in those early days, he heard of a family in a Balkan frontier village who all had wonderful white-gold hair. It was dark by the time he arrived, and by the flickering light of a candle it was impossible to judge the colour of their hair.

But, as he was due in another far-away village the next day, he decided to take a chance, and successfully bargained for the hair of the mother and three daughters. Reaching home with his prize, he got a shock. Instead of being praised by his father, he was berated for being such a fool. He had bought albino hair, quite useless for wigs.

At a village in the Italian Trentino valley, Isaia saw a girl whose light, red-blonde hair was almost beyond price. She had already been approached by other collectors and nothing would induce her to sell. Her father, who was extremely proud of his daughter's lovely hair, which he considered would ensure her a rich husband, threatened that if anyone else called they would be roughly handled. By chance, however, Isaia called when the father had gone away. After long argument, the gift of four linen sheets persuaded the houseproud mother to agree to her daughter's shearing, while a beautifully embroidered wedding dress, such as had never been seen in the village before, convinced the daughter that her father would forgive her for the temporary loss of her hair.



"Any children?"

"The deal concluded, I got out my shears and cut it off. It was beautiful. I booked a room at the local inn, but at 2 a.m. my dreams were shattered by a terrific banging and shouting. It was the father, in a furious temper, together with some of his friends, demanding the hair back. I refused, but I was profoundly thankful when police arrived and took me into protective custody."

By 1936 Isaia was in England, making wigs, and he entered for a wig competition at Olympia. Adept at handling the hair, he needed someone to make the partings, and he was introduced to Irene Siveter, a young and pretty expert. Together they won the first prize, decided to go into permanent partnership and, six months later, they were married.

Hair is Isaia's hobby as well as his job, and in the little laboratory he has built in their Wimbledon home he experiments endlessly with slight variations of shade and texture. Their children, Sandra, nine, and Roger, thirteen, often come across odd pieces of hair hung up in the garden to dry.

Roger will one day follow his father into the business. He inherits the financial acumen of the Isaias, and recently startled his parents at breakfast time by fishing out of his pocket a little girl's plait. "Dad, how much?" he asked.

"Children's hair," says Isaia, "is one of my biggest problems, for fifteen per cent of all my wigs are made for children who have lost their hair."

A great deal of the hair used for National Health Service wigs now comes from convents where novices, when they take the veil, have their hair shorn. At first, the Church authorities would not allow the hair to be sold. After long and delicate negotiations with the Vatican, the Mothers Superior were instructed that they might, if they wished, dispose of the hair. The Vatican stipulated that there was to be no payment, save perhaps for a gift of wine to replenish the convent cellars.

Now, every year, hundredweights of hair come into Isaia's London office from the convents of Europe, each silky tress still held together by the rubber band slipped round it to facilitate the shearing when the final vows were taken.

Isaia is a specialist in turning this hair into unobtrusive wigs for young women whose lives, he says, would otherwise be ruined.

One girl of twenty-three, who came to him with her parents, had never lived a normal life since a scalp disease had made her completely bald at sixteen. Refusing to believe that a wig could look anything but unnatural, she had shut herself away for seven years. At last, she was persuaded to go to London to see Isaia.

He took her round his workrooms and showed her the intricate process of the wig-maker's craft. Particular care must be taken to ensure that all the hair lies in the same direction, for the structure of human hair is jagged—rather like the scales of a fish—and one hair pointing the wrong way can tangle up all the rest.

Wig Cannot Slip

The girl asked about the chances of a wig giving its owner away by slipping sideways. Isaia laughed. "If a wig is properly fitted, you can take its owner by the hair and drag her round the room without becoming any the wiser."

But even at the end of her tour, the girl remained unconvinced. So Isaia offered to make her one of his special "transformations."

She returned the following week to try it on. Gazing unbelievingly for a long time at her reflection in the mirror, she broke down and cried with joy.

Two months later she called again to thank Isaia. "The proudest moment in my life," he says, "was at Christmas, when I received an invitation to her wedding."

THE END

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN FLIES

Continued from page 9

shoes. Furse gave him the wheel while he went forward and hoisted the jib and mainsail. He came back and switched off the motor and saw from the way that Sluiter was handling her that he knew what he was about.

Furse took over the wheel and handed Sluiter the glasses so that he could look at the Cork lightship away on their starboard.

"You know Holland?" Sluiter said it quietly, the glasses up to his face.

"Yes."

"Speak the language?"

"Yes. I was there during the war, and since." Furse was a little wary. This man was not making conversation. He was reaching for some point.

Sluiter was silent as he pulled a case from his pocket and ducked his head behind the wheel guard to light a short, fat cigar. He spoke through his teeth, biting gently on the cigar. "I don't want to go to Bawdsey."

"It's your money. Where do you want to go?"

"Holland."

Furse took it slowly. He said, after a moment: "You had this in mind when you chartered me?" Sluiter hesitated, then nodded.

Furse sucked at his lower lip, wondering how far he could go with this man. "You said you'd seen my advertisement in *The Times*. Who did put you on to me?"

Sluiter was smiling now, a prim, old-maidish expression. "A man in Rotterdam. He said you were reliable. That is my opinion, too."

"Charlie?"

"Yes."

"I see. And what are you taking in?" he asked, reaching slowly for a cigarette.

"Nothing."

"What do the police, here or over there, want you for?"

Sluiter laughed dryly. "Nothing. If the Customs cutter comes out you don't have to avoid it. My passport's in order. Here it is——" He made a movement to his hip-pocket.

Furse stopped him. "Don't bother. Where do you want to go?"

"You have charts of Holland?"

"The whole lot."

"I want to go to Veere. Then you are free. With decent weather you could be back in England under the week."

Furse considered for a moment. "All right," he said, "I'll take your word for it that you're not up to anything, but I've got to have a cash guarantee."

"How much?"

"The charter money now. And then another fifty pounds, in guilders or dollars or anything you like."

"Another fifty?" Sluiter shook his head. "I'm not a rich man, Mr. Furse. Another twenty, maybe."

Furse smiled. "You want something, you must pay for it. Fifty."

Sluiter stood up and moved carefully towards the hatchway. "All right. I'll give you the fifty now. For the rest you will take my cheque?"

"Certainly."

* * *

The *Arletta* was shouldering her way with firm grace through the sea. As she threw up her bows and rolled a little, there was the sharp, quarrelsome smack of water against her white counter. It was now nearly three o'clock and the short June night would soon be gone.

The boat was sailing herself. Furse sat and thought about Sluiter. Since before midnight the man had been lying on his bunk forward, sea-sick.

He wondered why the man wanted to go back to Holland this way. He might learn from Charlie later. Now he was going over he would run up to Rotterdam and see Charlie. . . . Unless something turned up soon he had a feeling that next spring might see him back at a drawing board and the *Arletta* sold to some swine in a yachting cap and nicely pressed trousers. . . .

He got up and went to see how Sluiter was doing.

The man was lying on his bunk in shirt and trousers, the blanket on the floor.

"Anything I can get for you?" Furse touched him on the shoulder.

Sluiter half-opened his eyes and stared at him as though he found it difficult to focus. Then his eyes closed sleepily.

"I'll get you a drink."

The man had been vomiting into the bucket Furse had left him and the cabin was filled with the nauseating odour of sickness. Furse brought him a drink, but Sluiter refused to be roused. He lay there with his eyes closed, breathing faintly.

Furse went back into the main cabin and poured himself a drink. He sat down and wrote up his log. The *Arletta* was still sailing nicely by herself and, when he had finished, he gave himself half-an-hour's sleep.

When he woke he glanced in at Sluiter. He lay there, still and miserable. Furse went back on top. The dawn was coming through, dead ahead. He stood there, forgetting Sluiter, wishing that he had Jimmy with him. This was the kind of moment to feel yourself young and alive . . . Jimmy would enjoy this.

Much later when he went down to see if Sluiter was feeling like breakfast, the face that looked up at him from the bunk told him quite clearly that here was someone who would never breakfast again.

Furse slipped his hand under the man's shirt. Sluiter was dead. Furse steadied himself against a beam. He stood like that for a full minute, staring. Dead? How could he be dead?

He felt the heart again. Under his fingers, against the flesh, he felt the hard line of a small key which hung on a cord about the man's neck.

He pulled a blanket over Sluiter and went back to the wheel. There was no point in turning back. They were more than half-way across and Sluiter, anyhow, was Dutch, and the cheque was drawn on a Dutch bank.

He lashed the wheel and went below. He made himself coffee and ate a few

POLIO VICTIMS LEARN TO SWIM

A MOTHER of two children swims sturdily through the water. An eleven-year-old boy hurtles from a diving-board. Both are victims of polio-myelitis—infantile paralysis.

Both are also pupils of Leslie Farnsworth, superintendent of the Bethnal Green Baths, London, who is helping polio patients to swim their way back to recovery.

The story of his work—and of the encouraging results—is told by John May . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

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ACCURATE LAYING: the layer uses his complicated sights to put on the correct data, accurately and quickly. It's taken months of training, but it's worth it to be a good layer—the man on whom the whole team depends.

READY TO FIRE! No. 1 acknowledges the order, while the gunners stand ready. Another shell lands bang on target—thanks to well-trained gunners working smoothly as a team: all picked men of the Regular Army of today.

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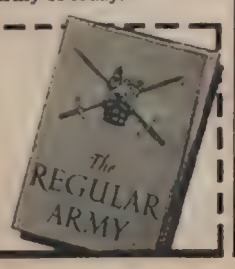


biscuits. Then he went forward and began to tidy up, unsurprised by the instinct for neatness at this moment.

He straightened Sluiter out, rolled the blanket tightly round him and over his face, and then whipped a couple of lashings across the bunk to keep him from rolling out. He opened the ports and the forward deck-hatch to freshen the place up. The man's clothes, his suitcase and the briefcase were in the net rack above the bunk. He took them down and went through his clothes.

There was little of interest in them: a cigar cutter, matches, a wallet with some Dutch and English money, a penknife and a fountain-pen. In the suitcase were Sluiter's clean clothes. At the bottom of the case was a thin, black cardboard box. Inside was a hypodermic syringe, two narrow bottles filled with capsules and a small carton of ampoules, three of which had been used.

As far as he could see, Sluiter had nothing hidden. He picked up the briefcase. It was locked. He debated with himself for a while. Taking the body in was going to stir up a turmoil of regulations. To find he had brought in something illegal would put him in a bad position. He slipped the blanket off the body and took the key from Sluiter's neck.

GOING into the main cabin, he sat down at the table. He unlocked the case. Inside was a slim file of correspondence in Dutch and German, marked—*Nieuwe Hollandse Bank*; a well-worn His Majesty's Stationery Office publication, Treaty Series No. 56 (1947) entitled—*Agreement on Reparation from Germany, on the Establishment of an Inter-Allied Reparation Agency and on the Restitution of Monetary Gold, Paris, 14th January, 1946*, and a long, foolscap manilla envelope which crackled as he fingered it.

Methodically he began to go through the file, finding that his Dutch and German carried him easily. As he read, his interest rose. The file began with a copy of an old report of the Allied Agency detailing the facts of an official German raid on the Nieuwe Hollandse Bank on the night of November 2, 1944, when the watchman was shot and ten security boxes rifled. The bank, apparently, had been much used by Amsterdam diamond merchants and most of the boxes contained uncut stones. The contents of the boxes were listed, and a valuation of the stolen stones was given at nearly a quarter of a million pounds. From the moment the raiders had left the bank no trace of them had ever been found, and their identity had never been established.

Thereafter came reports and letters detailing the efforts made to trace the stones and quite a few of the reports were signed by Sluiter, who apparently had worked for the Agency.

Fifteen minutes later Furse leaned back against his bunk, pushing the file from him, and lit a cigarette. The hand holding the cigarette shook with a fine tremble.

Sluiter had traced a Kapitän Walter Maserling to his death and found out that a quarter of a million pounds' worth of precious stones lay somewhere in a stretch of the River Maas known as the Haringvliet. It was part of the river Furse had sailed many times. . . .

His eyes went to the envelope on the table. He opened it. Inside, tightly folded, was a well-creased but unmarked British Admiralty Chart, Number 192, *of the rivers Maas and East Scheldte, Haringvliet Brouwershaven and Roompot to Hollandsche Diep*. He knew it well. There was a similar chart in his own rack. Pinned to the corner of the chart was a six-inch square of blue tracing paper. On it were three crosses irregularly spaced. Under the centre cross were written the words "*Zeven vliegen*" and a little to the left of this cross was a dotted circle the size of a small nailhead. He examined the chart carefully.

It was simple, he thought. All a man would have to do would be to find some landmark near the Haringvliet known as "*Zeven vliegen*"—that was Dutch for "seven flies," and then fix it on the Chart 192. The overlay would do the rest. Since it had not been necessary to name the other crosses it could be assumed they stood for landmarks, churches or buoys already marked on the chart. Orient the overlay, and the little dotted circle would show where a quarter of a million lay. . . .

He straightened up, aware that his hands were trembling. He pushed the thought away from him, but it kept coming back. A quarter of a million. No risk. Easy money. But other people's money. To hell with other people. Insurance and Allied reparations had covered them and the bank.

His thoughts went on and on. God, the things he could do for Jimmy. . . . They could clear right out. South Africa, anywhere. . . .

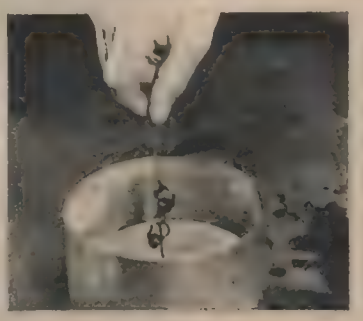
He took the chart and the top two letters off the file of correspondence and went on deck. Without these, the documents in the case gave no clue to the whereabouts of the stones. Deliberately, taking his time, he tore the letters and chart into small pieces and dropped them astern.

He went below and replaced the file of correspondence and the pamphlet in the briefcase, locked it, put the case with the rest of Sluiter's stuff in the rack, and returned the key to Sluiter's neck.

Back in the main cabin, he lifted the mattress off his bunk and took up the duckboards to expose one of the long, galvanized water tanks. With a screwdriver, he prised up four rivet heads along the top edge of the forward panel. The rivet shanks came out easily, well oiled, and Furse slid off the end panel to reveal a false compartment about a foot wide and the full depth of the tank. Inside lay an old German Luger and a box of

TAKE MY TIP

DRY lubrication is best for curtain runners. I melt a wax candle in an old pan over a very low flame and, after cleaning the rollers, thread them on a string. I leave them in the wax for a minute and then shake off the surplus. When they are cool and put back on the clean rail, the curtains draw with a delightful swish.—John Kerr, Ormskirk



JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

ammunition. He slipped the blue overlay inside the manilla envelope and dropped that in with the revolver. Replacing the panel and the rivets, he gave the rivet heads a quick lick of paint where the screwdriver had scratched them.

When he went on deck it was to find that the wind had veered to the west and the *Arletta* was off her course. He brought her back and now, running almost dead before the wind, laid a course which he hoped in a few hours would bring him to the Meerwerk buoy at the head of the Roompot off Walcheren Island.

From time to time as he ran along the edge of Walcheren Island he got a glimpse, through the haze, of the rising sand dunes and the grey plugs of the old German fortifications. As he reached the mouth of the river to run up to Veere, the haze lifted and he saw away upstream the tall, Moorish-like carillon tower of the town.

He was a little way below the town when he saw a small rowing-boat slide out of the harbour entrance and race down on the stream towards him. Once the rower looked round, rested on the oars and raised an arm in greeting. He paid little attention. He was not going into the harbour. He meant to lie up beyond the lock in the canal which ran through to Middelburg.

The rowing-boat slid abeam of him and then swung round. The water boiled from lusty oar strokes and he saw with surprise that the rower was a girl. Then the boat was alongside him and a pair of hands had grasped the *Arletta's* gunwale and a rope was tossed inboard.

"Hallo, there!" It was a warm, pleasant voice, the accent behind the English words slight.

"Hallo to you," he said. "Be careful of my paint there."

"Don't worry. I will not scratch your beautiful boat." For the moment there was a teasing quality in the voice.

She stood there, holding her boat off from the *Arletta* and her short-cropped dark hair was tousled forward over her brown forehead in attractive confusion. About her neck she wore a red silk scarf, the end flapping up into her face in the faint breeze, and the bracing of her body brought her young breasts up, full and firm against the soft wool of the loose grey sweater which was darned, and stained with oil.

He stretched down a hand to her. "You'd better come aboard. It'll save you rowing back against the tide."

He took her hand and hauled her up. Unsteady for a moment, she swayed against him. He put out an arm and held her, his fingers cupped against her shoulder.

"Did you have a good crossing?" She was beside him at the wheel now as the *Arletta*, the motor roused by his foot, chugged up abreast of the town.

"Fair."

"Where's Mr. Sluiter? Down below?" As she spoke she began to move towards the companion-way.

He put out a hand and stopped her. "How did you know I had Mr. Sluiter aboard?" He made no attempt to hide his surprise.

"You have, haven't you? This is the *Arletta*, British——" she nodded towards the Red Ensign at the stern.

"You came out to meet Mr. Sluiter?"

She gave him a laugh. "Of course. He sent me a telegram saying he was coming. Why do you look so surprised?"

This was the beginning, he thought, and he had to go carefully.

"He's aboard," he said quietly. The lock entrance above the town was coming up on the starboard hand now, but he let the *Arletta* run on. "Do you mind before you do that—" he put out his hand to keep her at the wheel by him as she made a movement forward "—if I ask you a question? It's rather important."

"Go ahead." He could see she was puzzled now.

"Is Mr. Sluiter any relation of yours?"

She shook her head. "No. My name's Straatsma. Constanta Straatsma. I know Mr. Sluiter, but only in a . . . a business way."

The hesitation was clear and he wondered what lay behind it.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

He said slowly: "Yes, something is wrong, I'm afraid. You see, Mr. Sluiter is dead——"

"What?" It was as though someone had struck her.

"He's dead," he said gently. "He died on the crossing."

After a while she said, "He can't be dead. How could he be dead. . . ." It was the voice of a small girl. To salve her distress, he let her take the wheel as they came into the lock.

"What did old skinflint have to say when you asked for the afternoon off?"

Furse enjoyed the drive in the bus to Middelburg. He was glad to relax: he had a lot to think about.

The girl—Constanta; a nice name—knew her way about a boat. She had brought him in to the lock the previous day, and had been very useful with the Customs officials and the police doctor who had eventually arrived from Middelburg. She had disappeared before the body had been taken ashore.

By the time he had finished his statement for the *wachtmeester*—the chief constable—at Veere, it was late evening. Returning from the town to his boat he had found the lock-keeper waiting for him with a message asking him to call at the Middelburg police headquarters the following morning.

He sat in the bus, wondering what the girl's business with Sluiter had been. He hoped he would see her in Middelburg.

In Middelburg he found the police building and was taken to a room which looked out at the copper-sheathed roof of the cathedral. The room smelt of varnish and waxed leather.

In the next room to Furse, a room almost identical in furniture and fittings, sat Herman Molenaar, assistant detective-inspector from the Rotterdam police headquarters. On the desk in front of him was Sluiter's briefcase and a small file of papers.

Molenaar had waited ten years to achieve his present position. He had waited five years for his wife to agree to marry him. He had waited for criminals to make a loose remark or a careless movement. All these things had happened in their time, and he was now convinced that time was an ally of the virtuous and persevering. It also, he was shrewdly aware, made up for certain defects of insight in himself.

He rang for Furse to be shown in.

When Furse entered, Molenaar nodded to the empty chair by the desk and said pleasantly, "I hope it was not inconvenient for you to come here this morning, Mr. Furse?"

"Not at all."

"You speak Dutch?"

Furse smiled: "I maltreat it a bit, but most people seem to understand it."

"Good. We speak Dutch then. After a few little phrases my English is not so good." Molenaar put his hand out and squared the briefcase in line with his blotter. It was a nice smile, he was thinking. Oh, yes, a nice, pleasant Englishman; fair hair, blue eyes, a face that took the lines of a smile easily, cornering the eyes with sun-wrinkles. The girls would like him, he thought. He said nothing for a moment, waiting and watching Furse. He felt that he detected a slight nervousness in the man.

"My name is Molenaar. Herman Molenaar. I am not of the Middelburg police. I am *adjunct-inspecteur* of the *Hoofdbureau Politie* in Rotterdam." He went on, anticipating Furse's inquiry, "Mr. Sluiter was a resident of Rotterdam and—in view of certain circumstances—the police here felt we should be called in. I have read your statement, but I am hoping we shall get a little more help from you."

"Anything I can do." Furse watched him, watched himself, caution strong in him as he wondered why a man from Rotterdam should have been called in. This was the beginning of the skirmishing, but if he handled himself right there was no danger for him. This man, Molenaar, did not look dangerous. He was tall, with a healthy bulkiness which suggested a farmer rather than an assistant inspector from Rotterdam police headquarters.

"How exactly did Mr. Sluiter come to charter your boat?"

"He answered an advertisement of mine in the London *Times*."

"To cruise, I think—" Molenaar leafed through his papers—"in English waters?"

"Yes. But he changed his mind as I've already stated."

"Did that seem curious to you?"

"Naturally, but he offered to pay me extra so I decided to bring him across."

"And no questions asked?"

Furse smiled to himself. In the dry tone of his words Molenaar had revealed himself. This was a policeman, shrewd, patient, and taking nothing on trust. Furse began to like him.

"He paid me an extra fifty pounds." He took out his wallet and slipped Sluiter's cheque across the desk to Molenaar. "I have to make a living, Mynheer Molenaar. Do you think this cheque will be honoured?"

Molenaar put the cheque on top of his papers, ruffling its edge with a finger and thumb. "Leave it with me. I'll see it gets passed on to the executors. It may be a little while, but eventually you will get your money. Tell me, Mr. Furse—you admit that you were curious at Sluiter's change of mind. Didn't your curiosity lead you to anything else?"

Furse stood up. He went to the window and stood there with his hands in his pockets. Then he said slowly, "I think I would be able to co-operate more if you were frank with me, Mynheer Molenaar."

Molenaar made a low humming noise in his throat and came forward to the window, beaming. "You are very quick, Mr. Furse. I like that."

"What was Sluiter up to?"

"Nothing, as far as I know, Mr. Furse. He had a small marine insurance broking office in Rotterdam and he was in England on business. There was no reason why he should not come back to this country on your boat. And yet, he was afraid—of somebody."

"I felt he was, too."

"Yes," said Molenaar gently. "And it would appear that he had reason to be. Isaak Sluiter did not die a natural death, Mr. Furse. He was murdered."

"How could he have been?" Furse turned quickly. "There were only the two of us on the boat."

"Sluiter was murdered," Molenaar repeated. "He was a diabetes subject and we have ascertained from his doctor in Rotterdam that, although he carried a hypodermic syringe and insulin capsules, he took insulin generally once a day in solid form. Without insulin he couldn't live. Taking too much, also, is fatal."

Molenaar lifted a paper from his folder. "I won't bother you with the full autopsy report, but Sluiter died from an overdose of protamine zinc insulin taken at about ten o'clock in the morning of the day he joined you. The bottles in his case should have held capsules of ten units per cubic centigramme. Someone had exchanged them for hundred-unit capsules. Yes, he was murdered—unless he chose a particularly unpleasant and odd way of committing suicide."

"If he meant to commit suicide, why ask me to bring him across?"

Molenaar shook his head lugubriously. "It is a very sad business, and awkward for you, too, to be mixed up in it. However, we will try to make it as least trying as possible for you. Would you mind if I ask you to stay in the country for a few days?"

"Have I to stay at Veere all the time?"

"No. We can find you, if we want you for the official inquiry. Tell me, did you go through Sluiter's luggage?"

"I packed up the stuff he had lying around," Furse said casually.

"I see. When he came aboard in England, he had just his suitcase and a briefcase?"

"That's all I saw."

"You didn't open the briefcase when you were packing his things?"

Furse gave a little laugh. "What would you have done, Mynheer Molenaar? A man comes aboard for a cruise, then pays me extra money to take him to Holland, and then dies on me. I'm like anyone else, I like to know what I'm handling. I packed his suitcase and had a good look through it. I'd have done the same with the briefcase, but I couldn't find the key."

Molenaar chuckled and then rose. He put his hand on Furse's arm as he led him to the door.

"Thank you for being so honest, Mr. Furse. I had a little wager with myself that you would admit to your curiosity. I should have done the same in your place."

Furse paused at the door. "Where was the key?"

"On a thong round Sluiter's neck, Mr. Furse."

"Ah, I didn't think of that." He was silent for a moment and then added, "Tell me, there was a girl called Straatsma who came out to meet my boat at Veere. She said Sluiter had sent her a wire to meet him. You know about her?"

"Certainly, Mr. Furse. We know all about her. Mejuffrouw Straatsma is the proprietor of the Straatsma Sleepdienst Company—that's a small tugboat concern—and Sluiter was making inquiries for her in England about spare marine engine parts."

"She can't help you about his death?"

"No. I am afraid not. Good day, Mr. Furse, and thank you for coming. You have been very helpful."

When Furse had gone, Molenaar

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went back to the desk. He sat there for some time leafing through his file of papers. Then he leaned back in his chair and let his eyes wander to the slopes of the cathedral roof. In the bright June sunlight, the verdigris patina shone like the bloom on greengages. He thought for some minutes, and then, sighing gently, he poised one finger over the bell push on the desk. He would have to see the girl again.

When the police clerk showed Constanta Straatsma in, he had to make a deliberate effort not to be beguiled because she seemed a nice straightforward young woman.

"Mejuffrouw Straatsma. Mr. Furse, I'm afraid, couldn't help me much. Are you sure you'd never heard Sluiter mention him?"

"Quite certain. Sluiter sent me a telegram saying he was arriving at Veere aboard the *Arletta*. That was all. I went there to meet him. . . ."

MOLENAAR put the tips of his fingers together and stared at her over them. "Do you think anyone else knew what you and Sluiter were after?"

"I never discussed it with anyone. About Sluiter I can't tell. I saw him very seldom. He had to make inquiries, of course. . . ."

"It was rather an odd arrangement between you, wasn't it?"

"I don't think so. During the two years after the war I was a secretary in his office at the Allied Agency and we both knew about the Nieuwe Hollandse Bank affair. Sluiter worked on it but never got anywhere. Then when I took over my father's business in Dordrecht, as I've told you, I came across a bundle of old German naval signal messages in the attic of the office. That put me on to Kapitän Walter Maserling. I told Sluiter about it and we decided to go into the thing together for the sake of the reward still offered by the bank. I put up a certain amount of money for Sluiter and he did the work."

"You would have done better if you had taken your information to the authorities."

"But it was such a slim hope to begin with, and anyway we didn't want to have to share the reward." She paused for a moment, considering Molenaar. It would be quite easy for her to dislike the man. She said, sharply, "Anyway, the point is—what do we do now?"

"We?" he smiled at her. "You do nothing, Miss Straatsma. Go back to your business and wait. What there is to be done I can do. The Englishman wasn't of much help to me, but we can make other inquiries."

"What do you think about him? Do you think he knows anything? Could he perhaps have——"

"Have murdered Sluiter? I don't think so. What do *you* think?"

"No," she said quickly, "I don't think he has anything to do with this. He doesn't look like that."

Molenaar smiled dryly. "They never do. However, when you go back to Veere you may run into him. I shouldn't try to avoid him, but if he talks to you, let him. If he's telling the truth, then he doesn't know anything of the nature of Sluiter's business in England. If that is so there's no need to enlighten him. If it isn't the truth then he may make a slip and reveal something he's not supposed to know. . . ."

Furse had an hour to wait for his bus back to Veere. He changed some money and then found a café in the main square and sat outside having a beer.

The news that Sluiter had been murdered worried him. Somebody in England must have known how close Sluiter was getting, might even have known that the vital information had been uncovered and had made a bid for it. What more were they going to do now? They, or he, or she? People who use murder don't give up easily.

He saw the girl, Constanta, come across the cobbles and sit at one of the tables. She had not seen him. He was sure of that. And yet, at the back of his mind, he tried to undermine his own sureness. She might be pretending not to see him. . . . Here we go, he thought. From now on he was going to be like a sea-anemone at half-tide, every tentacle alert. She had

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

WE HAD THIS photograph taken to put on the canvassing form that had to be sent round to the electors of the Royal Orphanage, Wolverhampton. My father, who was the Master of the Union Workhouse, Hereford, had died when I was three, and by the time I was nine, I was so unmanageable that my mother had to find somewhere to send me. The electors were evidently impressed by the photograph and what we revealed of my record, and I was duly given a place in the Orphanage.

I was a really naughty boy, badly behaved, selfish, and liable to violent fits of temper if I didn't get my own way quickly enough. A childhood as the son of the workhouse matron was none too good for me, because it meant that I had dozens of people eager to wait on me hand and foot.

So, when I was taken to the Orphanage in a smelly old horse-drawn cab that day in August, 1916, it seemed as if my world was coming to an end. We were carrying a suitcase in which my mother was to take back the clothes I was wearing.

That evening, to my unspeakable shame, we new boys had all to get into a big bath together under the supervision of a maid. I was a shy little boy and could not remember when any woman except my mother had seen me naked. I cried myself to sleep.

The first thing I did next morning was to copy a boy's calendar on which I was to tick off the long weary days to Visiting Day.

Of all the horrors of that time, the worst memory is of the food. I shall never forget the sloppy tasteless rice pudding; or the great iridescent lumps of greasy fat which sometimes accompanied Friday's "Gobby." On one dreadful occasion I was made to eat up all the fat off a plate into which we had piled these disgusting lumps, because the plate happened to be in front of me. Ugh! I can taste it now.

Today he is a gourmet and a broadcaster. For his name see p. 35

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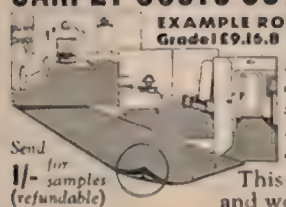

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John Bull 6/9/52

a red and white striped skirt and a white blouse and she looked good enough for a magazine cover. The waiter brought her a coffee and a cream cake.

After a while Furse went over to her table. She gave him a little nod and the beginning of a smile.

"I've got some time to wait for my bus back to Veere. Do you mind if I join you? Say so if you do."

"Please do."

"I would have come over before, but I thought it was better to let you finish your cake first. It looked the kind of job one prefers to tackle without company around."

She smiled outright. "I'm waiting for the Veere bus, too," she said.

"You've been to see Molenaar?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you . . . about Sluiter?"

"Yes. I don't understand it."

"Nor do I. Why on earth should anyone want to murder him?"

The smile was slow to leave Constanta's face. It was said naturally, sympathetically. He could not know, she thought, to ask a question like that. Yet how could you tell?

As they walked down to the bus together, he asked, "Where did you learn your English?"

"I was at school in England for two years."

"Did you like it over there?"

"No. I mean I didn't like school. I don't like being indoors."

"An outdoor girl, eh? Is that why you run a tug company?"

"Who told you that?"

"Molenaar told me. He said Sluiter was arranging about spare marine engine parts for you in England."

"Yes."

He took her arm and helped her up to the bus.

As he sat down beside her he said, "Perhaps I'm asking too many questions. But we have been thrown together in an odd sort of way so that I don't feel we are strangers."

He spoke frankly, and, she was sure, without any subtle under-meaning. She found it easy to like him. Perhaps a little ready to hold your elbow too long when he helped you on to a bus . . . but she did not mind, and when he laughed it was a slow, lazy sound that she found attractive.

On the way back in the bus she told him that she had come down from Rotterdam in a small cabin cruiser. She was going to start off for Rotterdam that afternoon. When he told her that he was going up-river, too, that afternoon, and thought of spending the night at Zype or Dintelsaas, she recommended Dintelsaas to him. Not until he had left her did she realize that she had probably done so because she was often in and out of Dintelsaas with barges going up to the sugar-beet factory at Dinteloord. She told him where he could find her at Rotterdam if he got as far as that.

When they got out of the bus at Veere, Constanta found herself feeling that the journey had been too short. She liked him, liked his easy manner and more than once had found herself laughing in a way which had been quite foreign to her for a long time.

Furse left her with the promise that if he got as far as Rotterdam and had time he would look her up. He walked back to the lock, past the great Gothic mound of the cathedral. He stood for a moment on the wooden piles against which the *Arletta* was moored. She was a good boat. When he had money, he'd keep her still, but he would have another boat. Something with more line and speed . . . and he'd get a racing dinghy for Jimmy. . . . As he stood looking down at the *Arletta*, he saw the water lap away in a series of gentle ripples from her side and he thought he heard the sound of movement coming from the cabin. At once his dreams fell away from him.

He stepped quietly aboard and went to the companion-way, walking with caution. There was a man in the main cabin. He was slitting the cover of one of the bunk cushions with a jack-knife.

To be continued next week

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES

Continued from page 17

could draw no conclusion from the sight of so many boats in harbour.

At last one morning Mike Lumby told me to be ready to sail at dusk for a billet he could not divulge. At midnight we were steaming through the scented night over a calm sea on a north-westerly course. Most of the other submarines were also on their way to secret stations. Two days later we were on our billet, a few miles off Cape St. Vito on the north-west tip of Sicily.

That night, as we patrolled on the surface recharging our batteries, signals began to come through giving details of the initial successes in a new Eighth Army offensive at El Alamein. The news seemed to be no surprise to the captain, and in the wardroom we assumed this was the big event about which there had been so much secrecy. Lumby smiled but refused to discuss the matter.

A few mornings later we sighted a westbound Italian submarine on the surface. After a short attack at close range, during which Lumby said he could clearly see the smiling faces of the Italian officers on the bridge, he blew the enemy to pieces with three torpedo hits. From this submarine there were no survivors. A few days later a wireless signal ordered us to shift patrol to a new position off the Gulf of Tunis and warned us of two enemy supply ships, escorted by two destroyers, approaching from the north to enter Tunis, the enemy's principal supply port into North Africa. We knew that the convoy had to pass through the position of another of our submarines to seaward of us.

A Column Of Flame

I was officer of the watch on the morning the convoy was expected. Slowly sweeping the empty sea and sky with the periscope, I was startled by the sight of the horizon erupting silently into a shooting column of flame. I had time to cry "Captain in the control-room!" before the slower-travelling sound wave hit our pressure hull with a dull clang. We guessed that our other submarine to the north of us had bagged one of the enemy, and sure enough, when first masts and then hulls began to appear above the horizon, we could see the two destroyers but only one merchant ship.

An hour later they reached us. The captain fired four torpedoes, going deep to avoid the destroyers at the same time, and we listened for the bangs. After too long an interval there was a muffled explosion which might have been a torpedo or a depth charge.

As soon as he dared the captain brought us back to periscope depth; a quick look round showed him a stern view of the merchantman going strong for Tunis with black smoke panting anxiously from the funnel. One destroyer, however, had disappeared. Mortified at missing the main target, we had to be content with the minor success, and crept quietly away while the remaining destroyer zig-zagged around looking for us.

Over the air that night we reported one destroyer sunk and a merchant ship missed, and the signal came back: "Not bad. Suggest you aim at the destroyer next time."

It must have been about now that our curiosity was satisfied at last by learning of the Allied landings at Algiers, Oran and Casablanca. Operation Torch was on. The submarines' part in it was to attack the Italian fleet on its way from its home ports to the invasion areas. The Italian Navy, however, preferred to remain in harbour during this time of crisis.

Sky Thick With Planes

We soon had visible evidence of the Germans' reaction. The sky became thick with flights of Ju-52s bringing troops into Tunis from Sicily. At first, in accordance with our usual drill, we went deep on sighting these aircraft, but they were not interested in looking for submerged submarines and we stayed at periscope depth, watching.

The flights, sometimes including monster six-engined planes towing several gliders, would come in to land, take off again within the half-hour and be back with a further load of troops two hours or so later. When they flew close enough we could see the troops sitting in their seats like passengers in a bus. This went on all day long for the rest of our patrol. As soon as he could, the captain got off a signal giving details in the hope that a fighter patrol from Malta might be able to get in among them.

A few days after the Allied landing we were ordered to leave patrol and return to Malta. Shortly before midnight we nearly ran into two patrolling Italian E-boats. After an anxious fifteen minutes of surface avoiding action we felt confident we had eluded them, but two hours later, as officer of the watch on the bridge, I found myself more frightened by a new enemy.

The visibility had been poor all night, but now the sky grew appallingly dark and vision retracted to a circle of a few yards, so that I could barely make out the wash of our bow wave. Ahead of us sinister snakes of lightning darted out of the blanket of dark and licked the surface of the sea.

Watching the venomous deliberation of the storm's approach, I began to wonder what happens to a submarine when it is struck by lightning. If you can be struck dead under an oak tree, why not surrounded by water and standing on seven hundred tons of steel? As the next fork of lightning plunged into the sea apparently less than fifty yards away and I heard, or thought I heard, the sulphurous hiss of its extinction, a brutal fusillade of hailstones burst in our faces.

Feeling an absolute fool, I called the captain on the voicepipe and told him that we were in the middle of a severe electrical storm, that the visibility was nil, and that in my opinion it would be advisable to dive until it was over. "All right, Number One," he answered, "if you think we ought to, dive." So we dived. Eighty feet down the hydrophone operator could still hear the noise of the hailstones hitting the sea.

It took me some weeks to live down my decision to dive because of a mere thunderstorm. But in spite of many arguments, nobody had a final answer to the question: what *does* happen when lightning strikes a submarine?

Mistaken For Friends

We said goodbye to Malta early in December. On a misty moonlight night shortly before Christmas, bound for Algiers after an uneventful patrol, we found ourselves, to our surprise, following two miles or so astern of another submarine, also westbound on the surface. We had just recognized the stranger through our binoculars as an Italian U-boat when he startled us, flashing a long, unintelligible signal.

Lumby, thinking very fast and hoping to delude the enemy into supposing us friendly, called the signalman on to the bridge and told him to reply with a series of meaningless but very rapid longs and shorts. The Italian was nonplussed but did not want to appear incompetent, so began his incomprehensible message again. We interrupted with the name of an Italian submarine chosen at random, and his flashing came to an immediate stop.

"Call him up again," said Lumby."

"What shall I make to him, sir?"

"Anything that comes into your head."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The signalman trained his Aldis on the enemy, and soon, listening to the clicking of the trigger, I realized that he was working through a remarkably comprehensive vocabulary of obscenities.

The situation was now so grotesque that we were all shaking with suppressed laughter. The Italian began signalling again, and through our glasses we saw that he was altering course towards us. "Down below!" said Lumby at once. "I'm going to dive and have a go at him."

We scrambled down the conning-tower as the main vents opened, and in just over half a minute we had submerged. In the dimly lit control-room we closed up to attack stations.

The Italian came on exasperatingly slowly, no doubt puzzled at our disappearance. Then, with less than ten degrees to go before the firing angle came on, Lumby lost sight of him, and in spite of a thorough periscope and listening search on all bearings we could not find him again. Our intended victim had come to his senses at last and dived. A pity; if it had come off it would have made one of the best submarine stories of the war.

The Christmas Greeting

We arrived off Algiers harbour on Christmas morning, 1942. Through the sunny haze we began to make out the white buildings of the town, the villas on the hills behind, and finally the familiar outline of the depot ship, H.M.S. *Maidstone*.

We flashed our identification and immediately the signal came: "Welcome to Algiers. Merry Christmas. All shore leave is cancelled." This struck us as a somewhat unseasonable greeting, but it turned out that Admiral Darlan had been assassinated the day before and no one knew how the local French were taking it; luckily there were no violent reactions and, by evening, leave was restored.

News of far more interest to myself awaited us—a signal from Admiral Submarines in London recalling me to England for my commanding officers' qualifying course.

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THE FAR COUNTRY

Continued from page 18

telling me that there is—there is a lady who was wanting a beautiful picture. So?"

Jane said: "I do want a very, very nice oil painting, Mr. Shulkin. The trouble is, I don't want just anything. I don't even know what I do want until I see it."

He took Jennifer and Jane to the railway coach. For half an hour he pulled canvas after canvas out of untidy piles, set them up upon the easel, and described them. Of the ten or fifteen canvases displayed, Jane set aside three, all landscapes.

In the end, it was arranged that Shulkin should paint three pictures on approval—and one of them was to be a portrait of Jennifer.

"I don't mind sitting," said Jennifer. "I've never done it before, though. How many times should I have to come?"

"Three times," said Shulkin. They arranged for Jennifer to come down to his cottage in the evenings, after tea.

The week was an uneasy one for Jennifer. Each day a letter from her father came by air mail disclosing a steady worsening of her mother's illness.

She sat twice for Shulkin in the little railway coach, a couple of hours each time till it became too dark to work.

Carl rang up from Lamirra on Wednesday evening to ask Jack Dorman if he could borrow the utility on Saturday to go to Woods Point with Jenny.

He came to the homestead on Saturday morning with his grill and his steaks in newspaper, having got a lift down from Lamirra on a truck. They started for Woods Point before the day grew hot.

Carl's mood was different from anything she had known in him before. She was now seeing a totally different man, a man on his way out from years of life in camps, a man beginning to enjoy life who was unused to joy, a man laughing clumsily because he was unused to laughter.

They called on Mr. Shulkin at his railway coach home. Carl thought the portrait beautiful, and wanted to buy it for himself, but Shulkin laughed and said he would not sell.

They left him presently, and got going on the road to Jamieson and Woods Point. It ran through pastoral, station country to begin with, an undulating, well-watered country in a bowl of hills, the pastures becoming dried and brown in the hot sun. The road climbed slowly and became more wooded.

THEY drove on through a tiny village and crossed the river, and went on for ten miles or so through the woods along the valley by the river.

They were delighted with the day and with the old car and with each other, and they hardly stopped talking all the time.

They passed Gaffney's Creek. From there the road wound upwards through the woods, till they came out at the summit of a col.

"This is Frenchman's Gap, I think," said Carl. "Woods Point will be about five miles farther on. Shall we have our lunch here?"

They cooked the steaks and ate them hot from the grill, sitting on the warm grass in the shade of the trees, looking out over the blue, misty lines of hills. "It's so different here from anything I've ever known, Carl," she said.

He nodded. "I know. I think of all the fine things in this country that I can do in nine months' time, things I could never do in Europe."

"When were you a free man last, Carl?" she asked. "When did you last live a normal life, with a home?"

"In 1938," he said. "I lived then at my father's house, just after I became a doctor. Then came the Germans, and I joined the army."

"It's a terribly long time," she said softly. And then she looked up at him, and smiled, and said: "Were you ever married?"

He smiled back at her. "No," he said. "I was never married. I was spared that complication."

She said quietly: "You must have been very lonely, all those years."

"I do not think so, not in the war years," he said. "So much was happening, so much of grief and work and pain, I think that one had no time to be lonely. It is only since the last year I have been a little lonely in the evenings sometimes."

She said: "So then you go out and catch a fish."

He laughed. "Yes, then I go out and catch a fish." He got to his feet and began to put the remains of their lunch together. "Now we must go down to Woods Point and catch Mary Nolan."

Mary Nolan had been a good-time girl who had known Charlie Zlinter in the old days. Now, as respectable Mrs. Williams, a widow living with relatives, she might not care to remember those days.

WOODS POINT lay at the bottom of a valley, rather a straggling little town that had been wiped out from time to time with forest fires and so was built of fairly modern houses.

Carl Zlinter stopped the car at the hotel and went in to ask where old Mrs. Williams lived. He came out presently and got back into the car. "It is just a little way," he said. "We must turn round."

They left the utility by the roadside three hundred yards back and walked down a grassy lane, asked at a house, and were directed to the right one. A middle-aged, sandy-haired woman came to the door. Carl Zlinter asked: "Does Mrs. Williams live here, please?"

"That's right," she said. "Auntie lives here with us."

"Would it be possible if we should have a talk with her a little?" he asked. "My name is Carl Zlinter, and this is Miss Morton."

To Jennifer the woman said: "How d'you do? I'm Elsie Stevens. What d'you want to talk to Auntie about?"

Jennifer said: "We've come over from Leonora station, out past Banbury. Mr. Zlinter works in the timber at Lamirra. He's trying to find out about a relation of his who was in the Howqua in the old days."

The woman said slowly: "Well, I don't mind asking her. What did you say the name was?"

"Charlie Zlinter."

The woman stood staring at him for a moment. "I've heard that name before. . . ." She paused. "Some rhyme about a dog?"

"That's right," said Jennifer.

"Well, isn't that funny?" The woman gazed at her, puzzled, for a few moments longer. "Just wait here a minute and I'll tell Auntie."

They stood in the lane, waiting. Presently she came out again to them. "Auntie wants to see you," she said. She hesitated. "You mustn't mind her if she talks a bit queer. And I wouldn't stay very long."

They went into the living-room of the house. A very old woman was sitting in a chair before the fireplace with a shawl round her shoulders. Her features were lean and long, and she

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Still time

HOWEVER old we are, a certain amount of our life has gone and is buried beyond recall. Perhaps we can show a profit on these lost years: perhaps we can't.

At any rate, we should never repine. If we can't recall the past, we can at least profit from it. From the lessons of the past we can mould the future, and still make something of the years yet to come.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Mr. Simpson? Mudcombe Motors here. Your new car's come through . . . Hallo . . . Mr. Simpson . . . Hallo . . ."

was wearing steel-rimmed spectacles; her white hair was parted in the middle and done in a bun behind her head; there was still plenty of it. Her niece said to her: "These are the people come to see you, Auntie. This is Charlie Zlinter."

The old woman raised her head and looked at them.. "He is not," she said, and there was still a touch of the Irish in her voice. "He's nothing like Charlie Zlinter."

The Czech said: "My name, it is Charlie Zlinter like the man who lived in the Howqua and was drowned there, with his dog."

She said: "You talk like him. Where do you come from—the same place as he did?"

"That is right," he said. "I come from the same town in Bohemia."

"I wouldn't know anything about Charlie Zlinter, no more than any of the other men," she said. "He got drowned. That's all I know."

An awkward silence followed. Jennifer looked up at Carl Zlinter and he nodded slightly; it was developing as they had thought. He said: "I am so sorry—when I heard that you had been in Howqua at that time I thought perhaps you might remember something." He moved towards the door. "I have now to take my utility to the garage before we start back; we have burst a tyre. May I leave Miss Morton here for half an hour?"

Mrs. Stevens said: "Oh, that'll be right. I was just going to give Auntie a cup of tea. You'll have a cup of tea with us while you're waiting, Miss?"

"Jenny's the name," the girl said. "I'd love a cup. Can I do anything?" Carl Zlinter slid out of the door behind her.

"Oh, it's nothing." Mrs. Stevens bent to the old woman. "You'd like a cup of tea, Auntie?" she asked.

"I could drink a cup of tea," the old lady said. Her niece disappeared into the next room, and Jennifer squatted down on a stool before her. "I went over to the Howqua last week," she said. "There's nothing left there now, only the gum trees."

"You went into the Howqua?"

The girl nodded. "We drove the utility up to the top of the ridge, and then walked the last two miles down into the valley."

"Eh, you'd never drive down that track in a motor car. Bullocks they used to use when I was there, eight bullocks to a wagon, in and out of Banbury. That was before the days of motor cars." She peered about her. "What's happened to that man who was here just now, the foreigner?"

"He's gone to take the car to the garage," Jennifer said. "We had a flat tyre coming here; we had to change the wheel. He's gone to get it mended before we start back."

There was a long silence. The old woman sat staring at the paper flowers in the fireplace, in red and silver tinsel. "What did he say his name was?"

"Charlie Zlinter," the girl said.

There was another long silence; from the next room Jennifer could hear the rattling of cups. "You're a pretty girl," the old woman said at last. "Too pretty for the likes of him. Not getting up to any mischief with him, are you?"

Mrs. Stevens came back with the tea and saved Jennifer from the necessity of answering that one.

When the old lady was sipping her tea, the girl brought her gently back to the subject by asking: "Did the Charlie Zlinter that you knew look like this one?"

"Ah, Charlie Zlinter was a fine, upstanding man," she replied, "twice the man of this one. He was a great strong man with black curly hair, strong enough to break the neck of an ox, and he with his bare hands alone." She sat sipping her tea and staring at the tinsel flowers, lost in memories. "There was a slab of stone before the fireplace in his cabin," she said, "the way the ashes would be kept back in the fire. A slab as big as that . . . four hundredweight, he said it weighed. I've seen him lift that slab with his two hands, and carry it away. Sure, there wasn't a man in Howqua could have done the like of that."

"It must have been a terrible loss when he got drowned," the girl said.

"Ah," said the old woman, "it was a sad, sad day, and Howqua was never the same after."

"Which cabin did Charlie Zlinter live in?" the girl asked.

"Number fifteen Buller Street," the old woman said. "It was just the one room with a fireplace and a bed, and a bench where he'd sit working at the bullock harness, sewing with a palm upon his hand like a sailor. He was a sailor one time, so he told me; that's how he came to be in Australia."

"Did he make much money?"

"My word, the bullockies made money," the old woman said, "more than the miners or prospectors did. But they were generous as well. Ah, Charlie Zlinter was an open-handed man, a kind, generous man. Many's the thing he used to bring me from the town—anything he'd see that would take his fancy he'd bring out of town for me, as a surprise, for that I'd never be thinking. Ah, he was a grand, kind man."

"You must have been great friends," the girl said.

"Better than we should have been, maybe," Mary Nolan said quietly.

Jennifer sat at her feet hoping that Carl Zlinter wouldn't come back and break the spell; she felt now that she could ask this old woman anything. She said presently: "Did anybody live in Charlie Zlinter's cabin after he died?"

The old head shook. "There was

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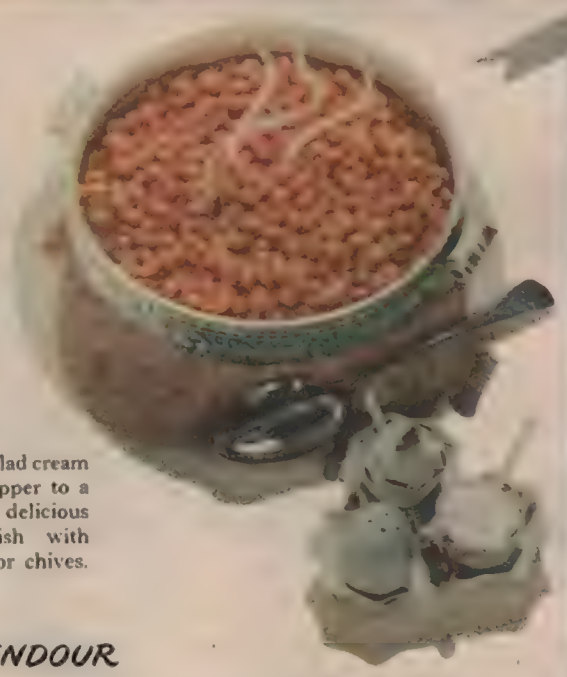

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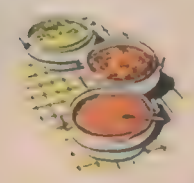

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people leaving Howqua every day from that time on."

"What happened to all his things? Did he leave any papers or books in the cabin, Mrs. Williams?"

"Never a book," she said. "There wouldn't have been many books in Howqua at that time. Charlie was no scholar, but he could read labels and that—not the longer words. He did have papers of some sort with him, although he never showed me. He kept them all locked up in a tin box he called his ditty box, not very big."

The girl asked: "What happened to the box after he was dead? Can you remember that?"

"It wasn't there," said Mary Nolan. "I remember looking for it special when I found he wasn't in the cabin, and his door left open, because I knew he set store by it. Sometimes it stood on a little kind of ledge he'd made in the earth chimney, and other times it wouldn't be there at all. So when I went into the cabin I looked, but the box was away out of it, and then I looked around a little but I didn't see it."

"Could he have left it in Banbury?"

"He might. I wouldn't know at all. It could be that he had it with him when he fell into the river."

"He had the dog in his arms," said Jennifer. "He wouldn't have gone to cross the river with the dog *and* the box, too, would he?"

"He was a wild, reckless boy when he had drink taken," Mary Nolan said. "But there, he had a way with him and a body could deny him nothing. I would not say anything of what he might have done when he had drink taken."

"What would have happened to the rest of his things?" the girl asked. "Who looked after those?"

"Sure, and there wasn't very much," the old lady said. "He was buried in his Sunday suit, they told me. I never went near, because there had been tongues wagging in the Howqua about him and me." She stared at the tinsel flowers in the grate. "I looked into the cabin once, and the bedclothes were still on the bed, but a possum or a rat had nested there, and the bucket still half full of water, and a loaf of bread still in the cupboard, all gone green with mould." She shivered a little, and drew the shawl more closely round her. "It's not good to go back afterwards to places where there has been happiness," she said. "It tears at your heart. I never went back again, and soon after that I left the Howqua myself. I'd say the cabin stayed like that until the fire came through."

The girl took one of the old hands and held it in her own. "You must have loved him very much," she said.

"Whisht," said the old woman, "there's a word that you must never use until there's marrying between you, and Charlie Zlinter was a married man already in his own country. This foreigner that brought you here today and has the same name—is he a married man?"

"No," said Jennifer. "I asked him that."

"Maybe you'll be luckier than I was," Mary Nolan said. "Maybe he's telling you the truth of it. The other Charlie Zlinter never told me any lies."

They sat in silence for a time. The old woman was tiring, and it was evidently time to go. Elsie Stevens stepped outside the door with Jennifer.

"She had a nice talk with you," she said. "I haven't seen her so bright for a long time."

"I hope I haven't made her too tired," the girl said.

"Oh, no. I think it does old people good to have a talk about old times, now and then."

She said goodbye to Mrs. Stevens and walked up the lane to the utility; Carl Zlinter was sitting there in it, smoking. "She got talking when you went away, Carl," she said.

"Shall we drive out of town, and then stop, and you can tell me what she said?"

"Let's do that. Let's go back and stop somewhere by that river, and I'll tell you all I can remember."

They drove back over the col where they had lunched, and down to Gaffney's Creek and to the Goulburn River; presently they parked the car at a place where the river ran near the road, and walked across a strip of pasture to a bend. As they went she told him all about it. "She didn't know much really that you didn't know already, Carl," she said. "There were papers in a box, a tin box, but she doesn't know what happened to that, or what was in it."

She told him what she had heard from the old woman. "She did look for it particularly that morning, but it wasn't there."

"She didn't know of any other place he might have put it?"

Jennifer shook her head.

They came to the rocky edge of the river and sat down on a boulder in the shade to watch the water and to talk.

"She said he lived at number fifteen, Buller Street," Jennifer told him. "Is that enough to tell you where the cabin was?"

He took a folded paper from his breast pocket, and began to spread it out. "Whatever's that?" she asked.

"It is a township plan that I copied in the Shire Hall," he said. He stood up, and spread it on the flat boulder that they had been sitting on; she helped him to hold the corners down. The paper was dazzling in the bright sun. He moved his finger down the plan. "Here is Buller Street," he said. "Here is fifteen, the number on the block. I think perhaps this was the place."

She bent to look at the faint pencil lines with him, her head very close to his own. Her hair brushed his cheek and he could smell the fragrance of her skin.

"This is fifteen," he said, a little unsteadily. "The cabin must have been on this allotment."

"Could you find the actual place on the ground from this map, Carl?"

"I think that we could find the place from this," he said. "Here, this solid marking, this must be the Buller Arms Hotel, and that still showed upon the ground a little. This map is to the scale of two chains to each inch. Perhaps there are other markings left, that a forest ranger would know about. We'll have to visit Billy Slim. I think it will be possible to measure out upon the ground, and find this Block Fifteen in Buller Street."

"When are you going to do that?"

"I would like to do it tomorrow," he said. "Would you come with me once more to the Howqua tomorrow?"

She looked at him with laughing eyes. Mary Nolan had told her that the other Charlie Zlinter had a way with him, and a body could deny him nothing. Perhaps these Charlie Zlinters were all the same. "Of course I'll come with you, Charlie," she said, unthinking.

He laughed, and met her eyes, still laughing. "I am not Charlie Zlinter," he said. "Charlie Zlinter was a very bad, drunken man, and he was a bullock driver."

She looked up and met his eyes, still teasing him a little. "Well, what about you?" she asked. "You're a very bad man, and a lumberman. I don't see much difference."

"I am offended," he announced. "A bullock driver is much lower in the social scale than a lumberman. I would not say that you were like to Mary Nolan. I would not be so rude."

"I hope you wouldn't."

There was a pause; he looked from her across at the little rapids of the river, at the smooth water running to the stones.

Then he turned to her again, smiling. "I might have said it," he remarked. "Mary Nolan was kind to a man who was very far from his own home. I might quite well have said that you were like to Mary Nolan."

She did not answer that, but dropped her eyes and picked a little piece of clover in the grass.

"Also," he said, "I think that Charlie Zlinter, although he was not a very good man—he was in love with Mary Nolan. I think perhaps that is another likeness."

"Lonely people often think that they're in love, when they aren't really," she said quietly.

"Some do, perhaps." He reached for her hand and held it in his own hard, brown one. "Will we be going to the Howqua tomorrow?" he asked.

She smiled at him "If you want to, Carl."

"It is quite safe," he told her. "There is no Charlie here, only a Carl. No bullock driver, only an unregistered doctor full of inhibitions and repressions."

She laughed, and withdrew her hand. "I wouldn't put much trust in those," she replied. She got to her feet.

She and Carl began to walk back to the car, very near to each other but not touching; to ease the tension she began to question him about the house that he wanted to build in the Howqua valley, how big it was to be, what it would be built of, and how he would get the materials in there. He told her that it would be very small and simple, no more than twelve feet long by ten feet wide. He thought that he could build it in the weekends before winter. It would be very simple inside, with just one built-in bunk and a fireplace and a table. "It is all I need," he said. "Just somewhere to be at the weekends and to leave fishing rods."

At the old Chevrolet they stopped, unwilling to get into it and drive away. The sun was dropping down towards the tops of the hills; it was time that they were making their way home to Leonora.

They lingered by the car a little without speaking, and now he was holding both her hands. "It is here that we should say goodbye," he said at last. "I will not stay tonight long at the Dormans." He hesitated. "It is very impertinent and very wrong," he said, "but may I kiss you?"

She smiled up at him. "If you want to, Carl," she said.

He put an arm round her shoulders and they stood locked together by the car for a few minutes. Presently she drew back a little, still standing in his arms, and said softly: "I don't want you to go away with the idea that I'm in love with you, Carl."

He stroked her cheek, and said, smiling: "What are we doing this for, then?"

She said: "Because I don't suppose you get a chance to do this very often in the camp. How long is it since you did this to a girl, Carl?"

He thought back over his life, holding her in his arms and caressing the soft hair behind her neck. "In 1943—eight years."

"Poor Carl." She drew closer, and kissed him on the lips. "Eight years is a long time."

Presently he released her, and they got into the car and drove back, sitting very close together in the sunset light, through Jamieson and Banbury to Leonora station.

Jack and Jane Dorman stood on the veranda of their homestead next morning, watching the old utility as Carl Zlinter drove it to the road across the paddocks, with Jennifer beside him. The grazier made a little grimace, and turned away. "She's going to tell him, I suppose," he said.

His wife nodded. "She didn't want to tell him here, with all of us about."

He glanced at her. "You think she's really serious?"

"She's serious, all right," Jane replied. "I must say, I think a lot of her for this. There was never a doubt in her mind about what she ought to do."

Jack Dorman kicked the leg of a deck-chair. "He couldn't have married her," he said. "Anyway, not for years. He's got another nine months to do in the camp for a start, and then another three years as a student if he wants to be a doctor. It's probably all for the best."

Jennifer sat quiet by Carl Zlinter as he drove the car from the Lamirra road up through the paddocks on the way to Howqua, getting out at each fence to open the gate for him to drive through. She was tired and rather pale, but she had worked with Jane to get a nice lunch ready for him; whatever might have happened, it seemed to her important not to spoil his day.

As they passed from the paddocks into the woods she roused herself, and asked him: "How are you going to find out where the cabin was, Carl?"

He smiled down at her. "I have a surveyor's tape and little wires with coloured marking rags on them," he said. "They are in the back. I have asked Jim Forrest if I might borrow these things for today."

They drove on up the track to Jock McDougall's paddock and presently came up to the meadow at the top of the ridge, parked the car in the shade, and got out.

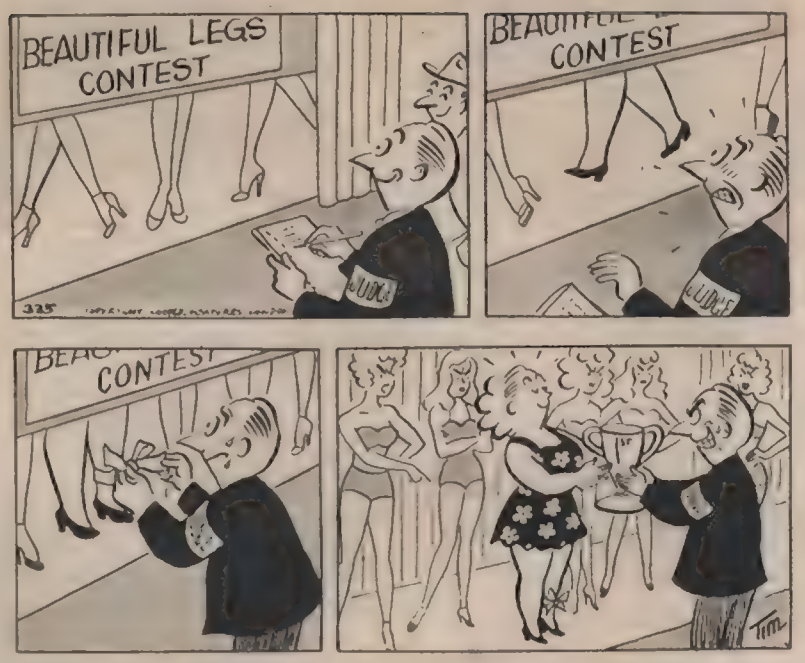
He glanced at her and noticed for the first time that she was pale and drawn, almost haggard. "You are looking tired," he said. "Shall I see if we can drive down to the river?"

She forced a smile: "No, I'll be all right," she said. "A walk'll do me good. We'd better not risk getting the Chev stuck, anyway."

When they got down on to the river flat where the house had been, they left the baskets and parcels at the end of the wire bridge and crossed to the forest ranger's house on the other side.

When he heard of their search for Zlinter's cabin, Billy Slim helped them to survey the ground. Two hours later, two hours spent in measurement and argument over the dim lines on the land and the pencil tracings on the map, they reached agreement. They were standing on the slope of the hill fifty feet or so above the river overlooking the meadow where the town had been. Here there was a small space

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



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of flat land, about half the size of a tennis court, in the middle of the woods. "This must be it," the ranger said. "This'll be where Charlie Zlinter lived. But if you wanted the exact place you'd have to dig around a bit."

"I would like to do that," Zlinter said. "If I come over to your place may I borrow a pick and a spade?"

"Sure," said Billy Slim. "Borrow anything you like."

Jennifer walked with them to the bridge. Carl went across with the ranger to the homestead to get pick and spade, and she picked up the lunch basket and carried it back to the forest flat where Charlie Zlinter had lived.

He came back to her presently and found that she had laid a cloth upon the grass and put the food out on it.

He looked around. "I would like to find Charlie Zlinter's fireplace and cook a steak on it, for ceremony," he said.

She smiled. "We'll dig around a bit after lunch and cook a ceremonial steak."

THEY ate together on the grassy patch of ground, examining it as they sat and speculating where the cabin had been. Then they sat smoking together after they had finished eating, discussing the cabin, where the door was to be, where the fireplace, the window and the bed. Presently they stubbed their cigarettes out carefully and packed away the lunch; they got up and began to investigate the place more closely. Zlinter took the spade and cleared the briars and the undergrowth from the vertical earth face. The sooty, blackened earth extended over about three feet of the face, showing clearly that the fireplace had been there and about centrally disposed upon the end of the flat.

He stood looking at it critically. "The side walls, they would run outwards from the face," he said, "at right angles. Perhaps one was somewhere here." He set to work and began slicing the turf and leaf mould from the level ground; in a few minutes he was rewarded by a charred stump of rotten wood sticking up out of the soil. They examined it together.

"Here was a wall," he said.

"It's fascinating, Carl," the girl said. "It's like digging up Pompeii or something." Presently she asked: "Where will your cabin go now, Carl?"

"I must make a drawing," he said. "I will do that this week, and give an order to Mr. Forrest for the timber and the planking. I think it would be best to have the chimney there and the door here, opposite."

She shook her head. "It's going to be very draughty. You won't have a warm corner in the place, if the door's opposite the chimney."

He nodded. "That's true. The door should be on this side, but we will put the chimney here, on the side of the earth bank but four feet away."

He measured four feet with his eye from the blackened chimney marks on the earth face and said: "Here will be the new fireplace." He drove his shovel into the ground, to mark the place.

It hit with a metallic clang on stone. "There is rock here," he said in surprise; till then he had encountered nothing but soft earth. He sliced away the leaves and top soil and uncovered a smooth face of rock, level with the surface of the ground.

Jennifer cried: "It's Mary Nolan's stone, Carl!"

"Mary Nolan's stone?"

"She said there was a slab of stone in front of the fireplace in his cabin, to keep the ashes back in the fire. She said it weighed four hundredweight, and he used to lift it up and carry it about to show her how strong he was. This must be it."

He stood studying it for a moment, and then smiled at her. "I will pick it up and carry it about in my two hands one day when you are not here," he said. "Then you can come and see it in the new place."

She looked up at him. "I shan't be able to do that, Carl," she said quietly.

He glanced at her. "Why not?"

"I'm going away."

"But you will be coming back again in your holidays, to stay with the Dormans?"

She shook her head. "I won't be coming here again, Carl. I'm going home—to England."

He stared at her in consternation. "To England?"

She nodded. "I wanted to have this last day in the Howqua and tell you about it here, not at Leonora with other people about. I've got to go back to England, Carl—at once. I'm going by air on Tuesday, on the Qantas Constellation from Sydney. I've got to leave Leonora tomorrow."

He dropped the shovel and crossed to her and put an arm around her shoulders. "What is it that has happened, Jenny?" he asked quietly. "Is it something very bad?"

She looked up at him, blinking. "We got a cable last night," she said, "soon after you'd gone. It was from Daddy. My mother died yesterday, Carl—yesterday or the day before, the times are all so muddling." She hesitated. "It means that Daddy's all alone there now. I've got to go." A tear escaped and trickled down her cheek.

"Come and sit down," he said, "and tell me."

He led her to the bank and they sat down together. She was crying in earnest now with the relief from keeping up the strain of a pretence with him. He pulled out his handkerchief and glanced at it doubtfully. "You have a handkerchief, Jenny?" he asked. "This one is a little dirty." She smiled through her tears and took it; he held her with one arm round her shoulders and wiped her eyes. "Would you like to tell me what has happened, or would you rather not?"

She took his hand that held the dirty handkerchief and held it in her own. "I've told you most of it," she said miserably. "Mummy had bronchitis and asthma, and she died."

He asked: "Was she ill when you came away from England?"

"She was always ill in the winter," the girl said. "Not very ill, you know, but not too good. She didn't go out much in the worst winter months. I never thought that she was in any danger, or I wouldn't have come away."

CARL ZLINTER said nothing for a minute or two. He sat staring through the trees down at the river, sparkling in the afternoon sunlight, thinking of the blank space that would be coming in his life when she had gone. "Tell me, Jenny," he said at last, "have you got any brothers and sisters?"

She knew what was in his mind, and she shook her head. "I'm the only child. I've got to go home, Carl. I spoke to Daddy last night on the telephone and told him I was coming right away. I never should have come out here at all."

"It was a very good thing for me that you did," he said quietly.

"The Dormans have been awfully kind, Carl. I hadn't got quite enough money left to go home by air, and it would have taken months to get a passage home by sea. They wouldn't hear of me going any other way."

He looked down into her face. "Are you quite sure that it is the best thing for you to go back?" he asked. "Could not your father come here from England, to join you?"

She shook her head. "I thought of that, of course," she said, "and I tried to see it that way, but it wouldn't work. Daddy's been in practice in Leicester all his life. He doesn't like the new Health Service, but he'd never leave Leicester at a time like this. You haven't met my father, Carl. He and my mother were so wrapped up in each other, he'll be absolutely lost, for a time, anyway. But in Leicester he's got all his interests, and his friends in the Rotary Club, and the Conservative Club, and the Masons, and the British Medical Association, and all the other things he does. He'll be all right there once he's got over the first shock, if I'm there to look after him and run the house."

"But you," he said. "Would you rather live in England, or live here?"

"I'd rather live here, of course," she said. "There's no comparison. It's a pity I ever came out here and saw this country, since I've got to go back."

They sat together in silence for a

"As for supporting your daughter in a manner to which she is accustomed—ha, ha, that shouldn't be difficult"

time; she had told him everything now, and he had to have time to digest what he had heard. Presently he asked her: "Do you think you will ever come back to Australia?"

"I shall try," she said thoughtfully. "That's all I can say, Carl—I'll try."

His hand caressed her shoulder. "Do you know what would have happened if you had stayed here for another year?"

She looked up at him. "What?"

He said: "I should have got a job as soon as I was free from the camp, and then I should have asked if you would marry me."

She sat motionless in his arms, not looking at him, staring down towards the river. "What sort of job, Carl?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. In a business office, perhaps. Any sort of job that would give enough money to be married on." He paused, and then asked gently: "What would you have said?"

"I don't know, Carl." She looked up at him, unsmiling. "One doesn't always do the right thing. I suppose I'd have said yes. I'd like to think that I'd have had the guts to say no."

"Why do you say that, Jenny?"

She saw pain in his eyes. "Maybe it's a good thing that I'm going back to England, after all," she said wearily. "I'd hate to think of you taking any sort of job, just so that you could get married. I'd hate to be the girl that did that to you." She freed herself a little from his arm and turned to face him. "You ought to be a doctor again, Carl. Maybe you haven't tried very hard yet. But if you gave up medicine and just took any sort of job to marry me—well, I wouldn't like myself very much."

"It is not possible," he said quietly. "I have thought of this many times. For me to be a doctor means three years' training in a medical school again. It would cost at least fifteen hundred pounds, and I have not got one tenth part of that money. I shall never be a doctor again."

"I think you will," she said. "I don't believe you'd be happy in any other sort of job."

He pondered for a few moments. At last he asked quietly: "Shall I ever see you again, Jenny?"

She did not answer, but sat looking at the ground, and watching her he saw another tear escape and trickle down her cheek. He put his arm around her shoulders again and drew her close to him and wiped it away with the handkerchief.

"I would come to England, somehow, if I thought that you would want to see me there," he said.

"I'd always want to see you," she said simply. "We've not known each other very long, Carl. We don't know each other very well. If everything had gone right for us and you had wanted to marry me in a year's time, I'd probably have been a very happy person. But things haven't gone right for us, and maybe it's just as well. While you're on your own, living as a single man, you'll have a chance, somehow, somewhere, to get to be a doctor again. With a wife and perhaps a baby on your hands you wouldn't have a hope."

He sat staring down at the river, rippling in the sun over the white stones, holding her in his arms. At last he said: "I am older than you, Jenny, and I have learned this: that if you want something very badly you can sometimes make it happen. I want very badly to find you again, before we have both forgotten the Howqua valley and each other. May I write to you sometimes?"

She said: "If you do, Carl, I shall be nagging at you all the time about becoming a doctor again."

"You may do that," he said quietly. "A doctor in this country could save enough money to get to England."

They sat almost motionless after that for a long, long time, perhaps a quarter of an hour; they had said all that there was to say. At last she stirred in his arms and sat up, and said:

"You'll go on building your cabin here just the same, Carl, won't you?"

He was doubtful. "It will cost some money even if I get the timber very cheap from the camp, and I may need all the money I can save."

She said: "I think you ought to go on with it, Carl. You've got another nine months in the camp, and after that it will be somewhere cheap for you to come to for a holiday. Write and tell me all about it."

He stood up, and drew her to her feet. "I am going to take you home now, Jenny," he said, "back to Leonora. Tomorrow you must start and travel for six days across the world. Before we say goodbye, will you promise me two things?"

"If I can." She smiled faintly.

"I want you to go straight to bed when you get back to Leonora station and sleep."

She pressed his hand. "Dear Carl. I've got some packing to do, but I think there'll be time in the morning. Yes, I'll go to bed. What's the other one?"

"I want you to remember that I love you very much," he said.

"I'll always do that, Carl."

He left her then and took the spade and the pick down the hill to return them to Billy Slim; she watched his lean form striding down the hill. She was so tired that she could think of nothing clearly; she knew only that she loved him and that he was much too thin.

When he came back to her he was calm and matter of fact; he picked up the basket and the grill and raised her to her feet. "I am going to take you home now, Jenny," he said.

They walked up the steep rutted track through the woods slowly, hand

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PRACTICAL RESULTS

Student 171/162.—I have sold my story to **EVERYWOMAN** for 25 guineas. *Student* 1106/156.—The **B.B.C.** accepted the script for the Light Programme—fee 9 guineas—after my first lesson! *Student* 141/76.—The article which I wrote for the Second Test Paper appeared in the **SUNDAY MAIL**. Thanks for the recommendation. *Student* 2317/185.—I am pleased to say that my article for Lesson Two has been accepted by the magazine **TRAVEL**. *Student* 2903/1610.—The Course has already borne fruit, for I have sold an article to **PSYCHOLOGY** for 2 guineas. *Student* 1834/152.—. . . together with cheque, which I obtained from the **CHRISTIAN HERALD** for the article which I originally wrote for the Second Test Paper. *Student* 761/2812.—I have just sold my first story to **FAMILY STAR** for 4 guineas, and am I thrilled! *Student* 473/28.—I have had my first short story accepted by the Editor of **HOME REVIEW**. *Student* 1437/217.—. . . on your advice I sent my article with a covering letter to the **LIVERPOOL ECHO** and barely three weeks had elapsed before I had the pleasure of seeing it in print. *Student* 1328/2110.—**GLAMOUR** have paid me 7 guineas for a short story and the **B.B.C.** has accepted a fairy story, to be adapted for the Children's Hour. *Student* 984/227.—I also have to report the sale of a further fairy story to the Co-operative Press, for inclusion in their **SUNSHINE ANNUAL**, payment 2 guineas. *Student* 1518/69.—**MODERN WOMAN** have paid 5 guineas on acceptance of my article. *Student* 181/282.—You may be interested to hear that yesterday I had a letter from the Editor of the **ARGOSY**—they have offered me 25 guineas for my story. *Student* 3577/3015.—I have had my story accepted by **BLACKWOODS**, who are paying me £25 for it; also one or two others, at smaller rates of course, for service magazines. *Student* 120/28/8.—I have established contact with the Editor of **PUNCH**. The item was accepted for Charivaria and is a good start. *Student* 591/28/7.—I am sure you will be pleased to know that my article submitted for my Second Lesson was published in the **DAILY MIRROR** and I received 6 guineas for same. *Student* 848/128.—I hope you will be as pleased as I am that my article, submitted for Test Paper Two, has been sold, on your advice, to **MEN ONLY**. *Student* 1934/157.—I have just corrected a proof of my story for **WIDE WORLD**—they have since accepted another and I have sent in a third. *Student* 778/2119.—I thought it might interest you to know that **THE COUNTRYMAN** has accepted a short article of mine on an old country custom. *Student* 820/1310.—I had 7 guineas for my story, which appeared in **WOMAN'S COMPANION**; I also had an article published recently in **FARMER AND STOCKBREEDER**. *Student* 4135/7150.—I have sold an article to the **COVENTRY EVENING TELEGRAPH**—they are sending me a cheque for 5 guineas. *Student* 184/315.—As you suggested, I submitted the article to the **NEW STATESMAN**. One was published on July 17. *Student* 1404/6/5/49.—I am pleased to tell you that the article which I wrote for Test Paper Two and submitted on your recommendation, to **CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER**, was accepted. *Student* 988/226.—The magazine which accepted my story was **RED STAR WEEKLY**—they paid me 4 guineas. *Student* 1173/58.—The article has been accepted by **LONDON OPINION**, having earned 4 guineas. *Student* 1813/173.—My story was published in the June issue of **ARGOSY** and I have just had a letter from the Editor offering me 8 guineas for a second one. *Student* 187/43.—I have sold my first short story prepared for Lesson Eight, to **HOME NOTES** for 12 guineas. *Student* 1905/1387.—I have had an article, about 2,000 words, published by the **WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE**.

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in hand, not speaking very much; his calm assurance comforted her, and now the years before her did not seem so bleak. At the end of an hour they came to the old Chevrolet utility parked in Jock McDougall's paddock.

He put the basket in the back of the utility, and turned to her and took her in his arms. "This is where we have to say goodbye for a little time," he said. "Perhaps it will not be for very long."

She stood in his arms while they kissed for a minute or two; then he released her and put her into the utility.

They came to Leonora half an hour later; she got out and opened the three gates; at the end they drove into the yard by the homestead. He stopped the car by the kitchen door. "We will make this very short now," he said in a low tone. "Goodbye, Jenny."

She said: "Goodbye, Carl," and got out of the car and forced a smile at him, and went into the house. He turned back to the car, expressionless, and took the basket and put it on the edge of the veranda, and got into the car again and drove it into the shed where it belonged. He took his grill and the measuring tape and the wire pegs from the back of the utility and made for the yard gate.

HE turned the corner of the house, and Jack Dorman was there, sitting on the edge of the veranda, waiting for him. He paused, and said: "I have put the Chev back in the shed, Mr. Dorman. It was very kind of you to lend it. I do not think that we shall need to borrow it again."

"Jenny told you she was going back to England?" The grazier held out his packet of cigarettes; Carl took one and lit it. "She has told me that," he said.

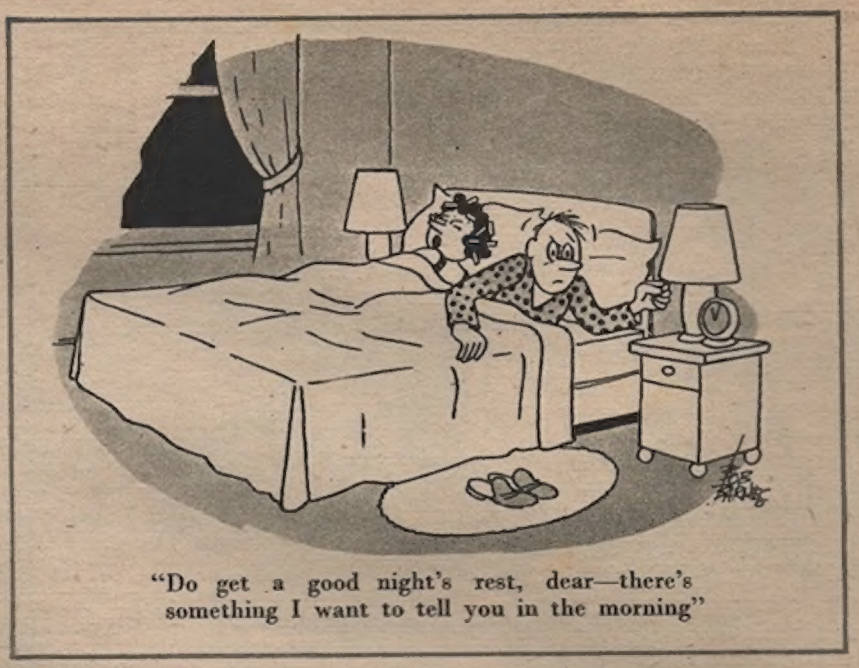
They smoked in silence for a minute. "What are you going to do yourself?" Jack Dorman asked at last. "Got another nine months in the woods, haven't you?"

The other nodded. "After that I will try to be a doctor again. I will go and see Dr. Jennings and find if it is possible." He paused. "If it is not—then I think I must leave the country. I can practise in—in Pakistan."

"It'd be quite a good thing to start off with Dr. Jennings," the grazier said thoughtfully. "He thinks a lot of what you did with those two operations." He got slowly to his feet. "Come along and see us now and then, and let's know how you're going on," he said. "If you need a car to get around in there's the Chev any time."

Carl Zlinter said: "It is very kind of you. I—I cannot thank you enough, Mr. Dorman." Then he turned quickly and went.

Next day, in the afternoon, Jack drove a white-faced and silent Jennifer



"Do get a good night's rest, dear—there's something I want to tell you in the morning"

to Albury to catch the Sydney express, a matter of a hundred miles or so. He said goodbye gruffly to Jennifer at the station and turned his Ford for home. He got back to Banbury by five o'clock, hot and thirsty, and ready for a few beers; he parked under the trees and went into the saloon bar of the Queen's Head Hotel.

It was full of his grazier neighbours, and old Pat Halloran, and Dr. Jennings. He crossed to the doctor and drank a beer or two with him, slaking the dust from his dry throat. Presently he said: "I had a talk with Splinter yesterday. Seems like he wants to be a doctor again after his time's up."

"He came to see me today," the doctor said. "I told him that I'd write to the secretary of the B.M.A. in Melbourne about him, but I don't know that it'll do much good."

"It's a pity," said the grazier. "He tells me that he's going to Pakistan if he can't be a doctor here."

The doctor looked thoughtfully at his glass of beer. "I could put that in my letter, perhaps."

"I'd like to know how it goes on," the grazier said. He paused, and took a drink of beer. "There's another thing," he said, "and that's that he hasn't got any money. I wouldn't mind helping a bit if that was the only thing."

"That's very generous of you."

"Aw, look," Jack Dorman said, "you know how it is with wool these days. The wife likes him and Jenny likes him; he's right. If everything else was set, I wouldn't want to see the thing go crook because of the money. Keep that under your hat, though; I haven't told him, and I don't intend to for a while."

"You wouldn't mind it if I told the secretary, though?" the doctor said. "It all helps to build a case up."

"You can tell him that," the grazier said.

ON Saturday evening, five days later, Carl Zlinter slept at Billy Slim's house in the Howqua valley, tired after a strenuous day transporting his building materials down to where Charlie Zlinter's house had been.

On that same Saturday evening, Jennifer Morton drove in the coach from London Airport to the airways terminal at Victoria, dazed and unhappy. A thin February drizzle was falling, and the air was damp and raw after the hot Australian summer.

She was too tired to go on to Leicester that night, too miserable to face her father in his grief till she had mastered her own troubles.

She took a taxi from the airways terminal to St. Pancras Station and got a room for the night, a clean, bare, inhuman hotel room, but warm and with a comfortable bed. Her head was still swimming with the vista of the countries she had flashed through.

She could not eat anything; she threw off her clothes and had a bath and went to bed, and lay for a long time listening to the clamour of the London traffic, crying a little, mourning for the brown foreigner she loved and for the clear, bright sunlight of the Howqua valley.

To be concluded next week

MR. SPIERS GETS GOALS WITH A CARD-INDEX

Continued from page 10

following season, the first of normal postwar League football, Cardiff City fought its way out of the Third Division.

But in the meantime, Spiers's personal career had taken an unexpected turn. Soon after the Dynamo fiasco, Norwich City offered him a bigger salary to become its manager. The Cardiff directors appreciated his worth, but were unable to compete with the offer. So Spiers departed to East Anglia, and took some of his discoveries with him.

By a coincidence, Norwich City's first match was at home to Cardiff City, and Spiers's new team won by two goals to one. This good start was not maintained. Norwich finished at the bottom of the table and had to seek re-election to the Football League, while the Cardiff team which Spiers had built up romped away to promotion with a nine-points margin.

He remained at Norwich for a little over a year, but he was not happy there, and when his successor at Cardiff moved to another club, Spiers returned to Wales. In the five seasons since his return the Cardiff players qualified three times for the bonus share-out awarded to teams finishing in the first four places in the Second Division table.

Spiers's deals in the transfer market have often been spectacular, but he keeps a poker face as he raises his offer by thousands of pounds at a time. Only after hours of tension have eased and he finds himself suddenly short of cigarettes does he realize that he has been chain-smoking to calm his nerves.

Usually a transfer deal is a simple transaction involving a cheque in exchange for a player, but sometimes the bargaining goes on for days. Spiers indulged in a burst of spending only a few weeks after his chairman had made a public protest against "this rotten transfer system," and paid £20,000 for three players.

One of them was Stan Montgomery, the Southend United left-half, for whom he offered £6,000. Harry Warren, the Southend manager, demanded £12,000. "But I want him only as a reserve," protested Spiers.

"Well, then," said Warren, "we'll accept £6,000 if you pay us another £100 for every first-team appearance he makes this season and next." Spiers thought again and smilingly shook his head. They finally agreed at a straight sale at £8,000. If Montgomery had been bought on the "instalment" plan he would have cost Cardiff more than £11,500.

Spiers's search for players, whether unknowns on the slagheaps near Cardiff or famous internationals, takes him 20,000 miles every year. Even when he has the money in his pocket he does not always get his man.

He drove from Cardiff to Sheffield ready to pay a record £25,000 for the Sheffield Wednesday inside-forward Eddie Quigley. His offer was accepted by the club, but the player refused to join Cardiff. "Well, it's been a nice long run for pleasure," said Spiers, as he headed south again.

When he began his filing system he prophesied that with luck it would help Cardiff City back to the First Division in seven years. That period expired with the final match of the 1951-52 season, in which, to gain promotion, Cardiff had to beat Leeds United. After a tough fight, Cardiff won by three goals to one.

The Leeds manager viewed the result with mixed feelings. His natural disappointment at the defeat of his own team was eased by pride at the success of his pupil. His name was Frank Buckley.

THE END

PIPING ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE GIRLS IN TARTAN

Continued from page 20

has lived a comparatively quiet life, enlivened only by a short visit to Paris, when four Pipers advertised a Scottish film which had been made in Hollywood.

The girls are forbidden to smoke or drink while in uniform, and they are not allowed to use heavy make-up. Last year, the Pipers lost eight girls through marriage. "Boy friend trouble is our big worry," says Peggy.

On tour, the girls are in the sole charge of the pipe major or sergeant, and are not allowed to go out by themselves without special permission. Even the most patient boy friend resents having to share his girl with the band, especially as she may be ordered at two days' notice to an engagement at any place in Britain or abroad—or even a tour lasting months.

Birthday Promotions

Pipe Major Peggy acts as a sort of regimental sergeant-major. Promotions are made at the annual birthday parade to the ranks of lance-corporal, corporal, sergeant and staff-sergeant, and carry increases of pay as well as authority. Wages range from three to six pounds a week. There are also four appointments of drum major, which mean that the holders' job is baton-twirling rather than piping.

During the school holidays, says Peggy, there are sometimes as many as half a dozen Dagenham girls applying in a single day to join the band. They must live in Dagenham and should be between eleven and twelve years old. After an interview, in which it is ascertained that they are healthy and have their parents' consent, they are placed on a waiting-list.

Usually, a batch of recruits joins the band every six months. They pay £2 for a chanter, the small wooden pipe on which they learn fingering for the first three months. Though it takes three years to make a passable piper and seven years to make a good one, most of the girls master the drums sufficiently well after eighteen months to play with the band at weekends and holidays.

Three or four months before they are due to leave school they take a final test. "Out of an intake of a dozen, we often get only two or three successes," says Peggy.

The Pipers' Gift

For a full band in the summer, the charge is thirty-five guineas during the week, forty guineas on Sunday and fifty guineas on Saturday. Whit Monday and August Bank Holiday are £70. The Pipers also charge fares at 1s. 6d. a mile—or the rail fare if it is cheaper. By reimbursing a part of their fees, they have contributed more than £20,000 to charity. Uniforms and pipes are handed down from girl to girl, for it costs about £150 to fit out one piper.

The Pipers always have plenty of engagements, and bookings already extend into 1954. But sometimes requests have to be turned down even when the band is available.

A would-be employer who was unlucky was an ex-Army major, who rang the Pipers and fixed a date. As requested, he sent a substantial deposit. A few days before the date, David Land, the Pipers' secretary, rang up to ask what they were expected to do.

"Report at my flat and they'll get their instructions there," snapped the major. But Land insisted on knowing in advance.

"Well," said the major, "I want a full band of pipers and drummers to play a tattoo in my flat. The people underneath make the devil of a noise with their radio, and I'm determined to get my own back." THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The picture on page 26 is of Gilbert Harding as a child.

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CLUES for XWORD No. 803

Across

1. Certain artists may merely supplement their income by means of these
5. Retired man will get impatient should he find time difficult to
6. To some of us these of peacemakers seem to be without number
7. Even a young puppy can do this
9. When postman delivers mail, some people find this inside their door
13. Funny cracks in this may not do it any good
14. Such a person is apt not to listen to reason

Down

1. A gardener should keep an eye on any these he may have
2. May make all the difference—or none at all
3. They are commonly suspended
4. The way children act may make one feel inclined to do this
8. Don't assume as necessarily singular
10. This may cost greengrocer quite a lot
11. One is very useful if it puts you on the right scent
12. If downland hiker intends to tramp no more than a few miles, he may well take one with him

ADDRESS ENTRY

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INSTRUCTIONS: First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Sept. 27.

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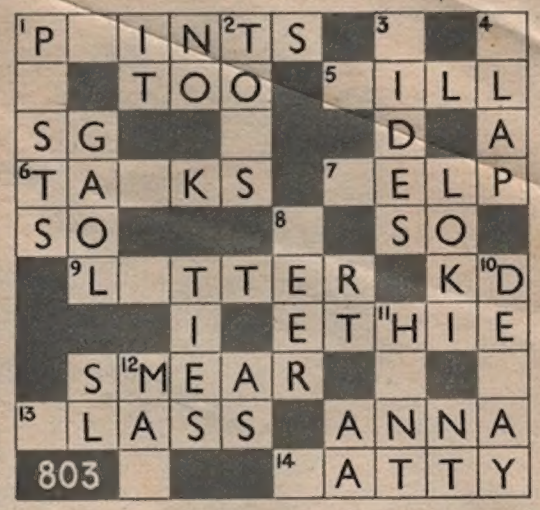

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.....

XWORD 798 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Book. 2, Palm. 5, Grab. 8, Togs. 9, Bare. 13, Grip. 14, Toddy. DOWN: 1, Bard. 3, Mature. 4, Fats. 6, Barker. 7, Near. 10, Sea. 11, Bout. 12, Aim.

SIX £100 SHARERS: Mrs. Larkin, 28 Fellows Road, Hastings; J. Larkin, 28 Fellows Road, Hastings; E. Laughlin, 11 Oakdale Drive, Wrose, Shipley; Mrs. N. Smith, 33 Janes Place, Coton Hill, Shrewsbury; A. B. Tait, 53 Alexandra Terrace, Fraserburgh; Mrs. R. Williams, "Glanhelen," S. Beach, Pwllheli, N. Wales. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 64 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

COME to "BULLETS" 40th BIRTHDAY PARTY!

THIS year, *Bullets* celebrates its 40th anniversary! And *you* can be among JOHN BULL'S guests at the exciting weekend Birthday Party soon to be held in London. The first double invitation accompanies this week's £500 First Prize.

"I'll never forget my thrilling weekend" declared Mr. J. P. Brandon (Sunderland), one of the guests (seen above) at last year's party. Note the thrilling plans for *this* year's celebrations and see you shoot in some *Bullets* for that £500!

THIS WEEK'S "BULLETS" PRIZES value over £750

£500 1st PRIZE plus CELEBRATION WEEKEND for TWO

Sightseeing Tour of London, seats for the historic Lord Mayor's Show, visit to Palladium Theatre, etc., etc., and a round of thrills at *Bullets* Birthday Tea-party!

1,569 OTHER PRIZES £50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5.

10 of £2.10s., 50 of 10s.

1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

"BULLETS" SEASONS AS BONUSES

A £1 *Bullets* Season Ticket accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

"Bullets" Winners No. 1,846

FIRST PRIZE: £500: G. E. Whitehouse, 1 Beach Avenue, Old Colwyn, N. Wales:

Saved A Lot Of Communists "Red Cross" They're "Blackening."

£50: Mrs. D. Fenwick, 22 Slack Lane, Ripley, Derby: IT'S MONDAY MORNING, SO—BOSS WANTS *Work's* "RESULTS"!

£25: G. Culshaw, 17 Howard Street, Denton, Manchester: FULL OF STRANGE NEW—WORLDS—THAT TINY *Atom*!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Miss P. E. Walker, 69 Reads Avenue, Blackpool: FULL OF STRANGE BEAUTY—KOREA, FROM TROOPSHIP'S *Stern*. £9: J. Rodgers, 147 Sutton Road, Huthwaite, Mansfield: WICKED WASTE—MAKING "PATCHED" *Peace* DO. £8: D. Bennett, 40 Relugas Road, Edinburgh: FEAR OF THE FUTURE—UNDERSTANDABLE—AFRAID OF *Work*! £7: Miss M. Smart, c/o Harrison, 10 Hurn Way, Christchurch: ALL CRAMMED TOGETHER—HOW CAN CHILDREN "EXPAND"? £6: J. Topp, 9 Emsworth Road, Lymington: THE CAT—SAVAGE JUSTICE, SAVAGERY JUSTIFIES. £5: A. Ferrier, 12 Craven Road, Cleethorpes: SAVED A LOT OF SALES—TALK, *Once*—"IT'S *British*!" £5: T. R. Fowler, Railway Station House, Shanklin: THE PORTER STIRRED AND—WE *Shared* PLATFORM SEAT!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 *Bullets* Season Tickets for 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

HOW TO WIN

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./ write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated October 4, and in JOHN BULL dated October 11), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, September 27, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,851 result.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

Lesson For Britain
King Football
If The Government's Wise
Marching On
Job For The Peacemakers
Nature's Wonderful, But
While It Lasts
The Laurels Faded And
Envy And Greed
Man I Could Murder
Slammed The Door
Just A Trifle
The Rent
With All Her Faults
Hopelessly Entangled
Golfer Dad
Poisonous Stuff
Back To The Village
Jingling
When The Plane Took Off

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Somebody In The.....
Mysterious.....
What.....Wishes
Worthy Of A.....
.....Demands
At.....'s Party

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,851, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. .....

B. } EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

EX. .....

B.

Closing Postmark **1,851** Monday, Sept. 15

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

FOR GRAND BIRTHDAY OFFER, APPLY for this "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated September 27. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No.....

FREE!

New entrants, simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

664

TWO MORE BIG OFFERS NEXT WEEK!

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Change to Bar One

and put the change in your pocket!

Read how these people enjoy a fine new cigarette and yet spend less on smoking!

Miner : Mr. S. Ryds of Ramsgate : First thing I do when the shift's over is light up a good old Bar One cigarette! They've got a fine, clean taste and they're well packed. They're very good value too, and at 10 for 1/4 Bar One are my idea of a break!

Barmaid : Mrs. C. Leeson of Stoke Heath: Some of my customers say they can't afford to smoke these days, so I say to them, 'Why don't you smoke Bar One? They save you 11d. on a packet of 20 and they're a really good smoke in the bargain.' They're not only Bar One . . . they're Bar Onederful — that's what I always say!

Bus Driver : Mr. H. L. Morris of Brixton : I always carry Bar One : they're just right for a quick smoke at the terminus—the right size *and* the right price! My wife likes them too—they're a family cigarette!

Cinema Usherette : Miss E. Evans of Coventry : Seeing someone smoke on the screen always makes me want to smoke too—makes me look forward to a break from duty and a quick Bar One! Bar One are just the right size, at the right price.

Shop Girl : Miss J. Shaw of Birmingham : I suppose my job makes me extra price-conscious, but everyone must see the value of Bar One cigarettes. You get 10 for 1/4 — and they're so good! I wouldn't change brands if I won a football pool.

Farm Girl : Miss J. Norris of Rugby : I think we outdoor people have a keener sense of taste than city folk—perhaps that's why I'm so fussy about what kind of cigarettes I smoke. I've tried nearly every brand, but Bar One are best bar none!

Lorry Driver : Mr. K. Burch of Earlsfield : Always on the move — that's me! And always smoking! The wife used to say I spent too much on fags — and she was right. But I didn't like the cheaper brands till one day she gave me some Bar One. Now it's Bar One for me wherever I go!

Bricklayer : Mr. R. P. Pratt of Northampton : It saves me over ten bob a week — that's why I smoke Bar One. I use up to 40 fags a day, so the difference between 3/7 for an ordinary packet and 2/8 for Bar One adds up to a lot of money. And I smoke Bar One because I like 'em.

Bar One
the new favourite at ten for 1/4d

Manufactured by J.Wix & Sons Ltd.